THE SATYRS OF JUVENAL;

With

ANNOTATIONS clearing the obscurer places out of the Historie, Lawes, and Ceremonies of the *Romans*.

By

S. ROB: STAPYLTON, Knight, Gentleman in Ordinarie of the Privie-Chamber to the *Prince*.

Ἄπορον πόρομεν.

LONDON,

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Gift of
E. Hubert Litchfield
In memory of
Charles Eliot Norton

33. A 8

TO
The right Honorable
HENRY, Lord Marqueſſe DORCHESTER, Earle of KINGSTON, Viſcount NEWARKE, Lord PIERREPONT, & MANVERS.

One of the Lords of his Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Councell.

MY LORD,

THeſe Satyrs *of* IUVENAL, *which your Lordſhip (after the revolving of your learned Volumes) often made the recreation of your ſtudies in their originall Latine, are now reduced by the imperfection of my penne to need an Apology for*

their addresse in English, being (I feare) become strangers to you in your owne language; but your Lordship will please to pardon boldnesse, proper to Satyrick Poems, especially this of my Translation; which being the result of your commands, hastens, though rudely, to pay devotion to your Name.

How noble an Author your Lordship hath commended to me, how well he discharges the Censour's office of reforming Manners, and therein how much he obliges Mankinde, all that are not Delinquents may be Judges; and I doubt not but they will confirme the Sentence pronounced, or rather prophecyed by the great Orator Quintilian, who, before any of these Pieces came abroad, foretold the name of this Satyrist

Satyrist would be famous to posterity; grounding his judgement upon the same reason that prevailes with your Lordship and the rest of his and your Peers in learning and elocution, that is, the usefulnesse of this Booke to all that study Men, to unlocke the secrets of whose brests he knew no such key could be found in the larger fields of Rhetoricke; and I dare adde, scarce any Philosopher hath left so many excellent morall Precepts and incouragements to virtue, as this Poet; however some rigid Stoicks have intitled him to faults, meerely for speaking home to theirs.

The Objections made against him are, that he is obscure, and that he is not modest. To the first, in my Arguments and Annotations I Answer; to

the second be himselfe, who now comes forth, as he describes the Archi-gallus *or Chiefe-priest of* Cybel, *with no obscene part at all; every impurer word being fled, like the time that constrained him to use it: for I have taken upon me to be so much more then a Translatour, as to purge him throughly (and I hope onely) of the malignant humour; but I need not speake in my owne behalfe, it is honour and safety enough to me that I have your Lordships pardon, which secures me from ever being condemned by any knowing Schollar, or judicious man; and for my Authour, they that hereafter shall impeach him, will but accuse themselves of the crimes he censures, or of the folly he derides; for what Souldier of courage and discretion can be offended with him, for*

giving

giving Otho the character of an effe-
minate Generall? or what wise and
modest Lady frowne upon him, because
he sayes, that such were as rare at
Rome as black Swannes? When wee
see them as frequent in England as
white Swans, and yet farre fairer;
this Island being planted with such
examples of valour in men, and cha-
stity in women, as demonstrates that
wee are as absolutely freed of
the vanities and vices of the Ro-
mans, as of their yoke and servi-
tude. I am therefore most confident
the Readers cannot fasten a dislike
upon JUVENAL, and if they please
to wish me his Interpreter, (to make
proofe whereof I have parted with my
private interest in these first six Sa-
tyrs) I shall then make his whole

Works publike, in compliance with their desires, not my ambition, which aymes no higher then to publish my selfe

Your Lordships

most humble servant,

R. STAPYLTON.

The

The Life of IUVENAL.

D. IUNIUS IUVENAL was born (as appeares by *Umbricius* his complement to him, in the close of sat. 3.) at *Aquine* in *Campania*; his father or foster-father ('tis uncertaine whether) being a rich free-man of that City. In his younger yeares he layed a regular foundation of his studies, beginning with *Grammar* and the *ferula*; afterwards he applied himselfe to *Rhetoricke* under *M. Fabius Quintilian*, declaming (as *Divens* hath it) untill he was of middle age: but finding his declamatory admonitions to dead *Sylla* moved the ashes in his Urne, as much as the present successour to his Dictator-ship, *Domitian Cæsar*; weary of an Art that neither had an object in nature for Speculation, nor a subject for Practice, he left the pleasing but unprofitable fictions of the Oratour *Quintilian*, to prosecute the bitter but wholsome truths of the Satyrist *Lucilius*; which he did with an imitation so farre beyond his patterne in all perfections of learning, wit, and judgment, that he read his *Satyrs*, not only with the generall applause of the people of *Rome*, but even his learned

learned *Rhetorick-master* (as we may probably collect from his tenth booke of *Institutions*) became a hearer and admirer of his *Poetry*: till the Emperour was moved against him by the great man at Court the Player *Paris*, who had conceived an implacable hatred to JUVENAL, for falling upon him, Sat. 7. where speaking of the naked and empty fame of Poets, he sayes, rich *Lucan* may be contented with it, but not poore *Saleius Bassus*, or *Sarranus*, or *Statius* that (notwithstanding his so crowded Poem of the *Theban* warre) might have sterved, if he had not sold his new Play of *Agave* to *Paris*, who (doing what the illustrious *Camerini* and *Barea* would not, or could not do) bestowed the places of Colonels, and Serjeant-major-generalls upon those that presented him their Tragedies of *Pelopea* and *Philomela*. This was the matter of his crime, I shall now give you the forme of it in his owne expression:

In's garden Lucan *pleas'd with fame may lye,*
With marble Nymphs and fountaines in his eye.
But Bassus, *poore* Sarranus, *what to thee*
Is any glory, if't bare glory be?
To their deare Thebaids *they running throng,*
And to the sound of his inchaunting tongue,
When Statius *with the promise of a day*
One joyes the towne, for in so sweet a way

He reads his Poem, that to heare it spoke
A lust affects the soule; yet when he broke
The benches with strong lines, he must for bad
To Paris sell Agave's maiden-head.
Many to honour in the warres he brings;
With summer annuelts and winter rings
He binds the poets fingers; what there
No Lord that will bestow a Player give
Dost thou attend the Camerini then,
And Barcæ? thou other Noblemen
In their great Courts? 'tis Pelopea ta...
She præfects, Philomela *Tribunes makes.*

These verses sealed the Poet a Commission for a Præfects place in *Ægypt*, for *Paris* neither able to indure so sharpe a wit, nor to accuse so cleare an innocence; and seeing no way to be even with the Authour of this Satyr, but by being himselfe the Authour of another, frames a revenge out of the very subject of his anger, bestowing upon JUVENAL a foot-Regiment of six hundred. "An old Manuscript relates it "thus; *Domitian* displeased with JUVENAL "for glancing at his favours to *Paris*, yet not "daring publickly to do any thing against the "man, banished him under the name of an ho-"nourable imployment in the warres, making "him Præfect of a Cohort bound for *Ægypt*. Where he died with griefe to have so cruell a State-

Scare-crow put upon him, as some Historians would perswade us: but they measure his strength by their owne weaknesse, not by the large dimensions of that heart which delivered such bold and gallant things as his booke records; convincing likewise those ignorant Chronologers. For take notice of the last lines of Sat. 4. and you will acknowledge when those were writ, *Domitian* was dead; and yet he lived to put *Paris* to death. But if you will have a clearer instance, peruse these words in Sat. 13.

We must not let our griefe be too profound:
Man's paine should be no greater then his wound.
Thou brook'st not a sleight hurt, a scratch, a turne
Of Fortune's wheele, thy bowells rage and burne,
That a pretended friend is so unjust,
Not to restore to thee a sacred trust.
Is this such newes to one borne when Capito
Was Consul, above threescore yeares ago?

Now if you please to calculate the time and reckon lx. yeares from the Consulshippe of *L. Fonteius Capito*, who was Collegue with *C. Visanius* under *Nero*, in the yeare of the foundation of *Rome* eight hundred and twelve, you shall find that JUVENAL not only survived *Domitian*, and the short reigne of *Nerva*, but

but the 21 yeares of that excellent Emperour *Trajan*; and in the second year of *Hadrian*, being a. v. DCCCLXXII. he writ Sat. 13. to *Calvinus*. So that if time (that hath molder'd to dust the wonders of the world, burying the very Tombe of *Mausolus*) had left us no other monument of this *Roman* miracle but his owne Workes, they will instruct us that after his exile he injoyed his countrey, lived long in peaceable and happy times, and died crowned with the emblems of mortality and eternity, gray haires and lawrell.

The

The Printer to the Reader.

SOme few Apostrophes', Comma's and single Letters, you may please to correct with your eye, and with your pen these slips; Page 4. verse 79. for *and* r. *with*. p. 27. v. 166. for *Venus'*. *Cybel's*. p. 33. v. 117. for *which* r. *with* r. 33. v. 118. for *making* r. *waking*. p. 44. v. 173. for *with* r. *which*. p. 49. v. 101. r. *Micipsa*. p. 49. v. 104. r. *from which the*. p. 51. v. 160. for *Trebius* r. *Varro*. p. 53. v. 205. r. *the end*. p. 59. v. 103. after *hearts* insert *do*. p. 62. v. 136. r. *the white sow her wombe*. p. 74. v. 499. after *night* insert *her*. p. 80. v. 660. r. *disjoynted*. p. 81. v. 682. r. *tragick*. p. 81. v. 689. for *on* r. *no*.

The first Satyr of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Authour, by the Wits misled
To heare their tedious poems read,
To be reveng'd will now reherse,
But hates the Follyes of their verse.
For he no bold Romances writes,
No fables of the Gods recites.
His Subject is man's horrid Crimes,
His end to disabuse the times.

SHall I but heare still? never quit the score?
Vext with hoarse *Codrus Theseids* o're and o're?
Shall he unpunisht read to me his playes?
His elegies? huge *Telephus* whole dayes
Unpunisht spend? or vast *Oresles*, writ
Oth' sides, indors'd too, and not finisht yet?
No man hs owne house better knowes, then I
The Grove of *Mars* and *Vulcans Grotto*, nigh
The Æolian Cliffs: what stirres the winds, what paines
Æacus inflicts on soules, what thefe obraines
The Golden Fleece, what faire Yong-asthes fly
From *Centaures* hands, theſe *Fronto's* plane-trees cry,

And Marble pillars with fierce reading burst,
Y'have these from the best Poets, and the worst.
Wee therefore from the *Ferula* have tooke
Our hand, and those vaine Hortatives forsooke
Wherein wee counsell'd *Sylla* to become
A private man and sleepe secure at home.
Since most you meet are Poets, to forbeare
Paper that must be spoyl'd, fond pitty 'twere.
But why the great *Auruncan's* way wee goe,
If you're of leisure, and dispos'd, we'll show.
When the soft Eunuch marryes. *Matia* gores
Bare-breasted, with her Speare the Thuscan boares.
When all the Senat's wealth's out-vi'd by one
Who to my youthfull beard, offensive growne,
Correction with his nimble fizzets gave,
When part of *Nile's* slime, that Canopian slave
Crispinus flaunts it in his purple cloake;
Which flying back, his shoulders still revoke.
A summer-hoope his sweaty fingers swing,
Nor brookes a heavyer stone should load his Ring.
'Tis hard not to write Satyrs: for what's he
Of such a stupid patience, to be
By this corrupted City so controll'd?
Or who so made of Iron that can hold?
When fill'd with's owne bulke, in his new Sedan
Matho the Lawyer comes, and then the man

That

That his great friend accus'd, and will the rest
O'th' spar'd Nobility e're long digest;
Whom *Massa* feates, *Carus* with gifts attends,
And *Thymile*, whom aw'd *Latinus* sends.
When they shall justle thee out of thy right
That labour for their Legacyes by night.
Whom (the best way to rise) th'old Lady sets
In Heav'n a poore ounce *Proculeius* gets,
Gill eleven ounces, each his waight and measure,
Heyres to her wealth, as they advanc'd her pleasure;
The price of his bloud wasted let him take,
And turne as pale as he that on a Snake
With naked feet improvidently treades,
Or he in *Lions* who at the Altar pleades.
What fury, think you, my parcht liver boyles,
When with his traine the people's walk he spoyles,
That robb'd the Orphane, buggar'd now? when this
Condemn'd by sentence but not punisht is?
For what's the harme that infamy can doe;
The purse safe? th'exile *Marius* quaffs at two,
From the angry gods he hath a blessing wonne;
But thou, victorious Province, art undone.
Are not these, *Horace*, worthy of thy Muse?
Shall I wave these? what should I rather chuse?
The Tale of *Diomed*? or *Hercules*?
The *Minotaur*? the boy that in the Seas

Dy'd fluttring? or the man of Art that flyes?
While the Pimpe takes that which the law denyes
His Wife should have, the Adulterer's Estate;
The Pimpe that learnedly can speculate
The chamber-seeling, and ore's liquor showes
The trick of sleeping with a waking nose.
When for a Regiment of Foot he stands
Whose stable hath devour'd his house and lands,
That has not left of 's father's wealth to lay
One wager, whilst in the *Flaminian* way
So flyingly he whirles his Chariot on;
Nay when he was the Boy *Automedon*,
He held the reines, did his owne *Jocky* act,
And of himselfe to his mantled Mistris crackt.
Would it not make one Tomes and Satyrs fill
I'th' high wayes? when that forger of the Will
Borne upon six men's shoulders (on both sides
The curtaines tuckt up, windowes open) rides
Lolling *Mæcenas* like, a blessed rise
Got by a wet gemme and parchment in a trice.
Ther's the great Lady that for rich wine brought
Her thirsty Husband poyson, and hath taught
(Subtiler *Locusta*) her rude neighbours how
Through fame and men to beare blacke corpses now.
Do, what short *Giarus* or chaines deserves,
If thou'lt be made by't: virtue's prais'd, but sterves.

Their

Their fayre Piles, Gardens, Tables, vice sets up,
Old Plate, and Goates that seeme t'outstride the cup;
For Fathers-in-law that covetous Daughters keep,
Base Brides, loose *Prætextati*, who can sleep?
If nature will not, scorne a verse indites,
Such stuffe as I, or *Cluvienus* writes.
E're since *Deucalion* in the showre-swolne flood,
Sayl'd to that Oracle o'th Mountaine stood,
Since in soft stones a warme soule gently flow'd,
And naked maides to men wise *Pyrrha* show'd:
What men doe, their hopes, feares, distastes, contents,
Sports, fates, the medley is our Booke presents.
And when was sinne more fruitfull? Avarice
Rackt to so high a pitch? when were the dice
In such request? nor doe our gamesters lay
Their purses downe, but set their trunks at play.
What Battailes their armes-bearing Stewards fight
You see; and doe you think his senses right,
Can at one throw eight hundred pieces lose,
Nor paies his shiv'ring man the coate he owes?
Who built so many villa's? when wast knowne
Our Fathers with seven dishes supt alone?
A little Basket now before the doore
They set forth to be scrambled for by th'Poore.
But first he viewes your face, for feare you crave
By some false name, if knowne, your almes you have.

Our ancient *Trojans* summon'd are alowd,
For they themselves with us the threshold crowd.
Give to the Prætor, give the Tribune's hold,
The Freed-man's first, I came first, I'le be bold
(Why not?) to take place, though a neighbour borne
T'*Euphrates*, as these mark's of slavery torne
In both my eares confesse, though I deny.
Five Houses worth three thousand pound have I,
To make a Gentleman what more's requir'd?
Is not *Corvinus* neere *Laurentum* hir'd
To keep sheep? I more riches have attain'd,
Then e're my predecessour *Pallas* gain'd.
The *Licini* ne're knew so great a summe,
Then let the Tribunes stay, let wealth o're come.
Not sacred honour yield to him, whose feet
Chalk'd o're for sale, did first our pavement greet.
For, here, to mony's majesty wee yield
Divine respects; though, farall gold, we build
To thee no Temples yet, though silver hath
No Altars like to those of Virtue, Faith,
Peace, Victory, and Concord that so creakes
When to the Storke her nest a welcome speakes.
But in their yeare's accounts when our great men
Th' Almes-basket summe, what may their Clients then?
Whose old shooes hang here, there a kind of cloake,
And nothing else ith' house, but bread and smoake.

Sedan-

Sedan-fulls for these hundred farthings throng,
He beares his pregnant or pale wife along,
He beggs for th' absent, a slie tricke, now knowne,
An empty close-chaire for his wife is showne.
My *Galla*'s here, dispatch her, why dost stay?
Let's see her? shee sleepes, trouble't not, I pray.
The day's spent rately, first th' Almes-basket's vext,
The *forum*, Counsellour *Apollo* next,
And our triumphall Marbles, where I marke
One stil'd the Ægyptian, or th' Arabarch.
Of whom I know no more but only this,
You may against his statue more then pisse.
Th'old Clients tyr'd march from their Patrons gate,
Where they long time did for a supper waite;
But now lay downe that flattering desire,
Vaine hopes of men! they must buy rootes and fire.
Meane time their Prince hath serv'd up to his bord
All rarities the Seas and Woods afford:
On's empty Beds his ease he only takes,
And of so many old faire large Tables makes
His choice of one to hold his various meates,
And there alone his Patrimony eates:
He'll not allow the Parasite a place.
Who can indure a Luxury so base,
Huge gluttony t'ingrosse whole Boares, a beast
That onely was created for a feast?

But swift's thy plague, when swelling and undrest
Thou bath'st crude peacock which thou'lt ne're digest,
Thus youth untimely, age intestate dyes,
Newes not sad newes, to every table flyes,
And at these funerals their angry friends
Applaud the justice of such fearefull ends.
Posterity can no new vices frame,
Our Nephewes will but wish and act the same.
All sins are at their zenith. Muse, away,
Hoyst sayle, spread all thy Canvasse. Poet stay,
Where's wit to suit the matter? where's th'old kind
Of writing whatsoever vext the mind?
That liberty, whose name we scarce dare use?
All's one, if *Mutius* cavill, or excuse.
Touch *Tigillinus*; and thou shalt expire,
Wrapt up in pitch and flax, and set on fire,
Like those with propt-up throates, that smoaking stand
Who dragg'd to execution, plough'd the sand.
Whil'st he that poysoned his three unckles, borne
On's pendent couch, thy death shall laugh to scorne.
If he come, lay thy finger o're thy lipps,
Th'informer catches the least word that slipps.
Æneas thou maist safely bring to fight
With furious *Turnus*, and move no mans spight,
Achilles slaine hurts no one; *Hylas* gone
After his broken pitcher, troubles none.

But when *Lucilius* as with brandisht steele
Prints his hot fury, he whose spirits feele
Cold guilt, his crimes lay'd open blushing heares,
His conscious entrailes sweate; hence rage and teares.
These things before the trumpet sounds debate,
The plumed combatant repents too late.
Well then, I'le try what wee of those may say,
Interr'd nth' *Latine* and *Flaminian* way.

The *Second* Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Men are not what their lookes averre,
Ther's vice ith' grave Philosopher.
The Judge the bench'es honour staines.
The Priest his holy rites profanes.
The armed Generall paints his face:
The nobly-borne soule acts debase.
The cause is, none but Children now
A Hell for wicked soules allow.

BEyond *Sarmatia*, and the frozen sea,
My selfe I hence could willingly convey.
Upon our manners when their boldnesse calls
That speake like *Curii*, live like *Bacchanals*.
Th'unlearn'd first, though *Chrysippus* statues be
In all their studyes, for a rare man's he
Th'effigies of *Pittacus* can get,
Or purchase *Aristotle*'s counterfeit.
And bids *Cleanthes*, drawne by'a master's hand,
There, as his grave Library keeper, stand.
No trust to faces. For what street but fills
With reverend vices? thou rebuk'st our ills,

When thou thy selfe art knowne to be so right,
So perfect a *Socraticke* Catamite.
Indeed rough hairy limbs and armes that beare
Such stiffened bristles, promise minds severe.
But from their smooth posteriours when he files
Th'unnaturall tumours off, the Surgion smiles.
They doate on silence, seldome speake, and haire
Shorter then that upon their eye browes, weare.
More truth and candour *peribonius* shewes,
He whose debauchter face and miene disclose
His mind's diseases; doubtlesse 'tis his fate,
I his simplicity commiserate,
Meere madnesse pleades in his excuse. But them
As farre the baser persons, I condemne,
That vice, with words like *Hercules* assaile,
And magnifying virtue, wagge the taile.
Shall I, defam'd *Varillus* sayes, feare thee,
Loose *Sextus*? wherein dost thou better me?
Let him that upright goes the lame deride,
The fayre the *Æthiop*. But who'll abide
The *Gracchi* should sedition decry?
Who'd not mix heav'n and earth, the sea and sky,
If *Milo* should dislike a murtherer,
Verres a thiefe, *Clodius* a whore-master.
Catiline treason in *Cethegus* blame,
Sylla's three schollers 'gainst his acts declaime?

What

What foule inceſtuous coupling *one* contriv'd,
Of late, and then that bitter law reviv'd,
That all men; nay, ev'n *Mars* and *Venus*, ſcatt'd:
Whil'ſt with abortives the poore *Julia* matt'd
Her fruitfull wombe, and lumps of fleſh thence teem'd
That ev'n the pictures of her unkle ſeem'd.
Such fained *Scauri* who but well may ſlight,
Though ne're ſo bad, and rated turne and bite?
Whet's your Law *Julian*, ſuch a ſow'r ſir cry'd,
Sleeps it? *Laronia* with a ſmile reply'd,
Bleſt times, that make thee Cenſour, chaſtly giv'n
Rome now'll be, a third *Cato*'s dropt from Heav'n.
Th'oyle that perfumes thy hairy neck, let's know
Where it was bought; bluſh not, thy druggiſt ſhow.
But if you wake the ſtatutes, reinforce
The Law *Scantinian*, note men, they doe worſe.
But number their Battalia defends
And cloſe-joyn'd ſhields: looſe livers are faſt friends,
Our ſex hath none of your deteſted tricks;
Tedia, *Clurvia*, *Flora* never licks
Catulla. *Hiſpo* paſſive pleaſure knowes,
And pale with doing and with ſuffring growes.
Doe wee plead? ſtudy wee your Civill lawes?
Shake wee your Courts with bawling in a cauſe?
Some few of us eate dyet-bread, ſome fence,
You ſpin wooll, and in baskets carry thence

You

Your workes; you from the pregnant spindle twine
Threads nimbler then *Arachne*, and more fine
Then chast *Penelope*, or she that spins,
Shiv'ring i'th' stocks, a penance for her sins.
'Tis knowne, why *Hister* made's freed-man his Heyre,
And living gave his Wife so large a shire.
She's rich that lyes third in a great mans bed.
Silence earnes jewells; hold thy peace and wed.
Yet for a law that's death to us you move.
Censure acquits the Crow, condemnes the Dove.
Sham'd by *Laronia* our soft *Stoicks* fly,
For what deliver'd she they could deny?
But what in others can deform'd appeare?
When thou, grave Judge, dost mingled sarcenet weare,
Nay sit'st in those thin silks, amazing *Rome*,
And dost our *Procula's* and *Pollinea's* doome?
Fabulla will the deed you wot of do,
Let her be punisht for't; *Carfinia* too,
Against her be, what e're thou wilt, decreed,
She will not, though condemn'd, weare such a weed:
But *July's* hot, I sweare: then naked go,
For madnesse will not halfe disgrace thee so.
This Robe had our victorious Fathers seene
Thee passing lawes in, when their wounds were greene,
Or had our mountaineers beheld it, how
Would they have heat'd thee when they came from plough?

Heav'n

Heav'n, that a Judge should such a Robe invest!
Wer't handsome if a witnesse were so drest?
Thou *Cretan* master that free lawes hast taught,
Th'art growne transparent, this disease th'hast caught,
And others will, as where our pasture lie,
If one sheep's rotten the whole flock will die;
As swine th'infectious measles cannot scape,
And that grape rots that sees a tainted grape.
This shamelesse habit will not be thy worst,
In time; none ever was stark-naught at first.
One of those Priests thou'lt by degrees become
That in long filets bind their haire at home,
Be-jewell all their necks, and with a great
Full goblet and a yong sow's paunch, intreat
The goddesse *Bona*, an unusuall way.
No female th'altars of this goddesse may
Approach, to men they only open lye,
You prophane women get you gone, they crye;
None sounds a call with her lowd cornet here.
At *Athens*, such the *Baptists* Orgyes were,
When they their secret torches did advance
And tir'd-out their *Cotittus* with a dance.
He with a black and oblique pencill dyes
His eye-browes, lifting up his trembling eyes;
He wine out of a glasse-*Priapus* swills;
He a gold-cawle with huge long tresses fills;

Sky-coloured

Sky-coloured shield-worke, or white sattin weares,
And by his master's *Juno* his man sweares.
He holds that mirrour pathicke *Otho* bore,
(*Actor Aruncus* spoiles) which when he wore
His armes he view'd himselfe in, when he gave
The Battaile's signall, and bad th'Ensignes wave:
A gallant subject, for new Annals fit,
And should in our time's History be writ,
A look-ing-glasse did load the Generall's carre,
And was the Bagage of a Civill warre.
Oh 'twas done like a Generall was it not?
And a true *Roman Galba*'s death to plot,
Ith' *Bebriacke* Field to hope with spoyles to grace
The *Capitol*, to grease and paint the face?
Which proud *Semiramis*, when shee put on
Her Quiver, would not doe at *Babylon*.
Nor did the pensive *Cleopatra* dippe
Her pencill, when aboard her *Actian* shippe.
Here's lewd discourse, at Table no respect,
Foule *Phrygian* talke, the lisping dialect
Taught by th'old white-hair'd man, of speciall note
For his so spacious and authentick throate,
The chiefe-Priest, by celestiall powr's inspir'd,
A master for the *Gusto* to be hir'd.
Why doe not these with *Phrygian* razours take
That flesh away of which no use they make?

A Piper,

A Piper, or a Trumpeter, had fowre
Hundred ſeſtertia for *Gracchus* Dower:
Deeds were drawne, joy giv'n, a great Supper made;
The Bride was in his Bridegroome's boſome layd;
You Lords of *Rome*, doe we the *Cenſour* need,
Or th' *Aruſpex*? theſe horrid things exceed
All monſters, though a woman ſhould be damme
Unto a calfe, or a cow, calve a lambe.
He who the ſacred ſhields th' Ancilia bore
By unſeene thongs, toyling and ſweating ſore,
Weares a fring'd petticoat and the crimſon veyle.
O god of warre! how did theſe crimes aſſaile
The *Latian* ſhepherds? how, *Rome's* father, ſprung
Theſe nettles up that have thy children ſtung?
Behold a man great both in wealth and birth
Marryes a man; yet thou into the earth
Runſt not thy ſpeare, nor thy plum'd helmet ſhak'ſt,
Nor a complaint unto thy father mak'ſt.
Goe then, and to ſome other pow'r divine
Thoſe dreadfull fields, which thou neglect'ſt, aſſigne.
To-morrow morning early on my friend
I in *Quirinus* valley muſt attend.
Why thither? cannot your owne gueſſe decide
That queſtion? my he-friend's to be a Bride.
They bid few now, but to the world they'll give
Notice, and hav's recorded, if they live.

Meane time, the female's troubled much, she can
No issue have so to oblige the man.
But 'tis well nature pow'r to th'mind denyes
The body to transforme. She barren dyes;
Swolne *Lide*'s salve-box helpes not, nor to stand
Where th'active *Luperci* may clap her hand.
More monstrous yet a *Gracchus* did appeare,
In's Fencers cassocke, with's three-forked speare,
And view'd the lists round, as he fled the chace;
Borne nobler, then the whole *Capitolin* race,
Marcelli, *Catuli*, the *Fabian* name,
Those who their pedigree from *Paullus* claime,
And all that from the scaffolds saw the sport
He made, not hating him that paid him for't.

That there be ghosts and regions under-ground,
And th'oare, and black toades in the *Stygian* Sound,
And thousands row'd in one boat, finds not faith
With boyes, but such as pay not for their bath.
Beleeve thou. What *Camillus*, what now knows
Fabricius, *Curius*, both the *Scipio's*,
The Legion that fell upon the traine
At *Cremera*, the youth at *Cannæ* slaine,
Soules of so many Battailes? Ever when
Our shades descend, the spirits of these men
Would purifie themselves, if they could get
Torches and sulphur, and had lawtell wet.

Thither alas wee wretches go. We boaſt
Our conqueſts, ſtrecht beyond the Iriſh coaſt
And th'*Orcades*, now ours by Martiall right,
And *Brittaine*, pleas'd with very little night.
Yet, what by us, the conquerours, is done,
The vanquiſh: ſcorne : *Zalates* only, one
Of thoſe *Armenian* youths, more lewd (they ſay)
Then all ours, to the Tribune's flame gave way.
See what acquaintance does! hi: hither came
A Hoſtage, men wee in this city frame.
For had theſe boyes ſtay'd, all had lovers tooke,
Their country-cloths, whipps, bridles, knives forſooke.
Thus back againe t'*Artaxata* they beare
The manners of the *Prætextati* here.

The third Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

Umbritius layes the Poet downe
The reasons why he leaves the Towne,
No living there for th'honest poore:
The Greeks turne Romans out o'doore.
What pleasure the safe Country knowes,
Th'ill arts and frights of Rome he shewes;
And would say more, but's put in mind
Of parting by the sun declin'd.

THough my old friend's Remove my soule doth wound,
I joy that he's for empty *Cuma* bound
On *Sybil* to bestow one Dweller more.
'Tis th'entrance to the Bath, a pleasant shore
For sweete retirement: ev'n their *Prochytas*
Does our *Suburra* in my mind surpasse.
For what's so lonely, wretched, horrid there;
As frights of fire, still falling houses, here?
And thousand dangers this curst Towne must dread,
Besides the Poets that in *August* read.
The waggon, wherein all his house was lay'd,
At moist *Capena* and th'old arches stay'd,

Where nighly *Numa* and his Goddesse met,
Whose sacred Grove and Fountaine are now let
Withall her Temple-buildings to the Jewes,
Whose hay and basket's all the stock they use.
For ev'ry tree the peoples rent must pay:
The poore Grove beggs, the Muses turn'd away.
Into *Egeria's* valley wee descend,
To those fayre Wells, which are presum'd to mend.
How much divinet had those waters beene,
If with a border of eternall greene,
The grasse about the spring had still remain'd,
Nor marble had the native stone prophan'd?
Here then *Umbricius* say'd, since for our paines
In honest arts the city yields no gaines;
My stock's lesse this day then the day before,
Yet will to morrow shrink that little more:
I meane to goe and settle in that towne,
Where *Dedalus* his wearyed wings lay'd downe.
Whilst my strait age of youth's not quite bereft,
Whilst my hayre's gray, whilst there's a remnant left
For *Lachesis* to spinne, whilst I walk on
My owne leggs, need no staffe to leane upon,
I of my birth-place take my last farewell.
There let *Arthurius* and *Catulus* dwell,
Men that turne black to white, that can with ease
Farme holy earth, the rivers and the seas,

Be

Be ſcavengers, bodyes to burning beare,
And ſell ſlaves under the commanding ſpeare?
Theſe village-knowne cheeks, that in country liſtes
Were fencers men, theſe ſometimes Fluteniſtes,
Beare office now, and with reverſt thumbs kill,
The people ſhouting, what poore rogue they will.
Returning thence, hire the gold-finders place,
Indeed what not? ſince they are of that race
Riſe to high honours from the meaneſt birth,
As oft as fortune is diſpos'd to mirth.
What ſhould I doe at *Rome*? I cannot ly,
Nor when a booke is vilely writ comply
And begge a copie. How your planet runnes
I know not; promiſe fathers deaths to ſonnes,
Nor can, nor will I: I did ne're diſſect
Toades entrailes: what commands lewd friends direct
To others wives convey'd by others be:
No thiefe ſhall his receiver make of me.
I therefore walke as a maim'd man alone,
Like th'uſeleſſe body when the right hand's gone.
Who's now belov'd, but he that can reveale
Foule truſts which he for ever ſhould conceale?
He owes thee nothing, nothing will beſtow
That lets thee but an honeſt ſecret know.
Him *Verres* with a deere regard will uſe,
Can *Verres* when he is ſo pleas'd, accuſe.

Let not rich *Tagus* buy thee from thy sleepe,
Nor all the gold that rolles into the deepe.
Take not base bribes, which thy sad soule rejects,
Whilst thy great friend the faith he hires suspects.
Now what they are our rich men love so well,
I loath so much, I hast, nor blush to tell.
I cannot, *Romans*, this *Greeke* towne abide;
Nor's all *Greeke* filth, for long since with the tide
To *Tiber*, *Syrian Orontes* flow'd,
Their oblique strings and fidlers, language, mode,
Their country Cimballs too they brought a-land,
And hackney-wenches that ith' *Circus* stand.
Walke thither you that doe a fancy beare
To Curtezans that painted Miters weare.
Our nointed clowne prize-playing ornaments,
Or a poore Basket-scrambling gowne contents.
Those borne at *Andros*, *Samos*, *Amidon*,
At *Tralles*, *Alaband*, high *Scicyon*,
Have th'honour in th'*Esquilian* Mount to live,
Or that to which a name the wickers give.
Now servants in great houses, some yeares hence
Their Lords, thanks to their desperate impudence,
Their nimble wit, and ready tongue that goes
Swift as the torrent from *Isæus* flowes.
Tell me what's hein whom comes every man?
A Rhetorician, a Grammarian,

A Painter,

A Painter, Nointer, Augur, Geometrician,
A Dauncer-o'th-ropes too, a Phisitian,
And a Magitian, he does all things know:
T'heav'n th'hungry *Greeke* will, if you'll have him, go.
In short, *Moore*, *Tartar*, *Thracian* was he not,
Found th'use of wings, but even at *Athens* got.
Should I not fly from these great Lords! shall he
Seale first, and at a feast take place of me,
Hith by the same wind wafted hither bin
That brings us *Syrian* figgs and sea-cole in?
Is it no priviledge that we were bred
In *Roman* ayre, with *Sabine* olives fed?
The wise *Greeke* parasite will the speech commend
Of his unlearn'd, the face of's ugly friend,
His long weake neck t'*Alcides* back compare,
When he holds toss *Antæus* in the ayre;
Admire his small voice, which sounds duller then
The Cock that treading bites his mate the Henne.
We the same flattery may use, but they
Find credit, they do't better: when they play
The naked *Doris*, or a modest wife,
Or *Thais*, why; they doe it to the life;
The woman's seene, 'tis not the Actour speakes;
All's plaine beneath the waste, and gently breakes;
Nor should *Demetrius* be so much esteem'd,
Antiochus, *Stratocles*, such wonders deem'd,

Or ſoft-toung'd *Hamus* thought ſo rare a man,
The very nation's a Comedian.
Smile you? a lowder laughter ſhakes him; weepe?
He his friend company, in teares will keepe,
But grieves not; if you ſay the winter's cold
And call for fire, he'll in a rugge be roll'd;
Cry but 'tis hot, he ſweats. Is ours then fit
To be compar'd to his tranſcendent wit?
Can day or night, on every little chance,
Alter the copy of his countenance?
Who praiſes his friends ſuite with hands at's face;
If he belch well, or piſſe with a good grace.
Or if the bottome oth'gilt bowle turn'd up,
He fetch the froth off with a gallant ſup.
Then nothing's ſafe from's luſt, or unprophan'd,
Not your chaſt wife, your ſonne till then unſtain'd,
The yet-ſmooth bridegroome, or your virgin child;
Has't none of theſe? thy houſe is then defil'd,
He'll chamber-ſecrets know, and thence be fear'd.
And ſince ſome mention of the *Greekes* y'have heard,
To their *Gymnaſium* paſſe, where our youth learnes,
And heare a crime the reverend govvne concernes.
A friend by an informer, *Bareas*
By th'*Stoicke*, his grave tutour, murdered was,
That old knave, who did there an infant dwell
Where from the flying horſe a feather fell.

Ne

No place for any *Roman* here remaines
Where *Erimanthus* or *Protogenes* raignes,
Or *Diphilus*, that by's nation's vice will owne
No partner, but enjoyes his friend alone:
For if his clime's or nature's venome fall
Into an easie eare, good night to all
My tedious service, out o'doore I'm hurld;
A client's the least losse in all the world.
Indeed, how can poore people hope reward,
For nightly running in their gownes so hard?
When as the Prætor bids his Lictor make
Maine hast to's childlesse friends long since awake,
For feare left his Collegue before him may
Wish *Modia* or *Albina* a good day?
This gentleman's, and that rich servant's sonne
Who takes the wall of him, together runne,
The one whereof bestowes what would have paid
The Tribune for a Legion, to trade
With *Catiena*, or *Calvina*'embrace
But once or twice; but th'other likes the face
Of some poore slut, and will the charges spare
To take downe *Chio* from her lofty chaire.
At *Rome* a witnesse bring from taint as free
As *Venus* host, let *Numa*'appeare, or he
Sav'd frighted *Pallas* from her temples flame,
Straight his estate's examin'd, last his fame?

What

What ſervants keeps he, what's he worth in land?
On's boord how great, how many chargers ſtand?
As much coine as in's coffers each man hath,
So much is th'eſtimation of his faith,
Should'ſt thou make oath by all thoſe ſacred pow'rs
The *Samothracians* worſhip, or by ours,
That poore men thunder, and the gods contemne,
'Tis held, and that the gods diſpenſe with them.
Then one's a common theame for mirth and ſcorne,
If's Gowne be ſordid, his Cloake old and torne,
His Shooe-ſole gape, or in the ſtitcht-up wound
The ſeverall ſcarrs by the new thread be found.
In wretched beggery nothing's harder, then
That ſo ridiculous it renders men.
Get y'our, whoſe meanes fall ſhort o h' law, one cryes,
For ſhame from off the noble cuſhion riſe.
Let th'iſſue of ſome ſtewes, or the ſpruce Heyre
Oth'cryer ſit, and give his plaudit there
With fine young Fencers, Baſquet-ſcramblers, thus
It pleas'd vaine *Otho* to diſtinguiſh us.
Here wife or ſonne-in-law, with meane eſtates,
Who chuſes? who the poore his Heyre creates?
When's he oth' Ædiles councell? e're this day
We meaner *Romans* ought t'have troopt away.
Where want keeps virtue downe, men ſeldome riſe,
But 'tis at *Rome* the hardeſt enterpriſe,

190 Here

Here ſervant's bellyes your expenſe inlarge,
A baſe roome's deare, a ſlender meale great charge?
We bluſh to eate in earth, they doe not ſo
That hence removing to the *Marſians* go,
That are contented with *Sabellian* food,
And only weare a courſe *Venetian* hood.
There's a great part of *Italy* where none
With Gownes are cover'd, but the dead alone;
Where if ſome feaſt-dayes Majeſty looke bigge
O'th'flowry ſtage, they end with the old jigge.
And the poore country child in's mother's arme
Feares the pale gaping thing will doe it harme.
All goe alike there, in one Equipage
You ſee the people and thoſe next the ſtage.
White garments ſerve the Ædiles of the towne;
And 'tis eſteem'd a robe of high renowne.
Here's gallantry beyond our meanes, here's more
Then needs, oft taken from anothers ſtore.
Ambitious poverty's our common vice.
In ſhort, all things in *Rome* are at a price.
What wilt thou give once *Coſſus* to ſalute,
Or that *Vienta* looke at thee though mute?
This mowes his beard downe, he'll the favorite trimm
His houſe is fill'd with offrings made to him.
This for your ſelfe, ſir, tribute we muſt pay
To our Patron's men, make them as rich as gay.

The

Who feares or ever fear'd in country townes
Their bane, at moist *Praeneste*, where wood crownes
The *Volsian* cliffs, among the simple sort
Of *Gabians*, or in bending *Tibur's* fort?
We fill a towne shoard-up with slender poles
Bought by the boore, who th'old wide-gaping holes
Dwbes over, and then bids us sleep secure,
When we to sleep for ever may be sure.
Let me live where no night-shrieks terrifye,
Hre one, fire fire, here others water crye,
Valegon tuggs out his lumber there;
Beow they've chimneys, therefore fire may feare,
Be thou three storyes high unwarn'd art took,
That couldst for no mischance but drowning look,
The raine from thy loft being kept away
Byh'only tiles, where eggs soft pidgeons lay.
Sorter then *Procula Codrus* had a bed,
Six little pitchers crown'd his cupboord's head,
Anaunder it there lay a two-ear'd pot
By *beiron's* herball; Item, he had got
A chst with some *Greeke* Authors, where the fierce
Anbarbarous mice gnaw'd never-dying verse.
The *Codrus* was worth nothing, who but knowes?
Yet he poore wretch did all that nothing loose;
Anbcompleate this naked beggers griefe
Norgave him house-roome, or a meal's reliefe.

But

But when *Arturius* his great house was burn'd,
The city droopt, the Conscript-Fathers mourn'd,
The Prætor strait adjournes the Court, the fate
Of *Rome* we groane for, fire it selfe we hate.
Whilst th'house burnes, one sends marble and great sums,
With milke white naked statues th'other comes:
Euphranor's worke or *Polyclet*'s rare piece
This gives, old buskins of the gods of *Greece*;
Bookes, shelfes, *Minerva* to the wast, he brings;
A bushell full of silver he: more things
And better then he his could ever call
This *Persian* now receives, more rich then all
Rome's childlesse men, suspected to conspire
(Good cause) the setting his owne house a fire.
Could you be from the *Circus* weand, you may
Buy a neate house at *Fabrateria*
At *Sora* or *Frusino*, for what here
You sit at, to hire darkenesse for a yeare.
There your short Well no bucket need's, but wets
With ease your little garden's tender sets;
Live, love thy rake, and sallets neately dresst
Which may a hundred *Pythagorians* feast;
Tis somewhat, be where't will, to be decreed
Lord of so much as may one lizzard feed.
Most sick men here with over-watching dye,
Such crudities breed meates that baking lye

Oth'

Oth'burning ſtomacke. What refreſhment get
Poore Trades-men? ſleepe at a high rate is ſet;
Hence ſpring diſeaſes: when the waggons meet
Ith'oblique turning of ſome narrow ſtreet,
The Carr-men there that ſtand and ſcold, would keep
Dull *Druſus* or the Sea calfe from his ſleep.
When buſineſſe calls, the crowd a rich man ſhuns,
Whilſt o're their heads in's huge Sedan he runs,
Reads, writes, or ſleeps within it as he goes,
For ſleepe will come if he the curtaines cloſe;
Yet he's there firſt; for as we haſt, we find
A ſtreame before us, and a tide behind,
He ſhoves with's elbowes, he with harder blocks,
Our heads this cowle-ſtaffe and that barrell knocks.
Dirt noints our thighs, and then the great foot kicks,
And in our fingers th'horſe-mans rowell ſticks.
Seeſt not what ſmoake the Almes-basket celebrates,
A hundred Gueſts, on each his Kitchen waites.
Scarce *Corbulo* could ſuch huge chargers lift,
And chafing-diſhes, as one Groome makes ſhift
To beare on's ſteady head, and runs ſo faſt
He fannes the coales, and teares his cloaths with haſt:
Now meets he Carts wherein tall firre-trees quake,
Now ſome that pine-trees at the people ſhake,
Suppoſe the Axel-tree ſhould breake that beares
Ligurian ſtones, if powr'd about his eares,

That

That mountaine ſhould thy ſhiver'd ſlave intombe,
What thinkſt thou of his carkaſſe would become?
Where any limme lyes who could finde the hole?
His body ſure would vaniſh like his ſoule.
His fellowes ſafe at home the dithes waſh,
Blow with their mouthes the fire, the nointers claſh,
And boyes doe in their ſeverall places toyle
To fold up napkins full of ſweat and oyle.
Whilſt Novice-Ghoſt he ſits upon the ſhore,
Affraid of *Charon*, hopeleſſe to get o're
Foule *Styx*, from's mouth not able to defray,
Poore ſoule, that token, ſhould his wafrage pay.
Now note more dangers that attend the night,
To beat out braines out, from how great a height
Fall Potts, which crackt, or ſlipping, how they print
The pavement with their weight, and hurt the flint?
Thou'lt be thought dull, ſenſeleſſe of caſuall ill,
To ſuppe abroad, and firſt not make thy Will;
For which ſo many fates thou art to cope,
As in thy way are making windowes ope,
Wiſh therefore, wretch, nay, pray that they may crowne
Thee onely with the lotions they caſt downe.
The wild and drunken youth, unleſſe he fight
And kill his man, can take no reſt that night,
But like *Achilles*, when for's friend he mournes,
Now on his face, then on his back he turnes,

His owne he looſes if *Romes* peace he keep,
A quarrell ſtill is prologue to his ſleep.
Yet though raſh yeares and hotter wine provoke,
He's ſubtle, and avoids the purple cloake,
And his long traine of friends and groomes, that paſſe
With burning torches and with lamps of braſſe.
But I that have the Moone before me borne,
Or a ſhort frogall candle, am his ſcorne.
Heare how we quarrell'd, if a quarrell 'twere,
Where he layes on, the blowes I onely beare:
He ſtands before me, and commands me ſtand,
And I muſt be obedient to's command:
Alas? what would you have a man to doe,
Ith' hands of one that's mad, and ſtronger too?
Whence com'ſt, he cryes, whoſe beanes have ſwel'd thy gut?
Whoſe vine-egre haſt drunke? what cobler put
His purſe to thine, ſome rare chopt leeks to buy,
T'eate with a fry'd ſheepes face? wilt not reply?
Speake, or i'le kicke thee; ſay, where dwell'ſt thou? what
Odde corner ſhall I find thee begging at?
Frame anſwers, or ſay nothing, all's alike,
He'll beat thee, and make oath that thou didſt ſtrike:
A poore man's liberty is onely this,
He muſt the hand that baſtanades him kiſſe,
And give his beater thanks with all his heart,
He'll let him with ſome few of's teeth depart.

Nor

Nor is this all thy danger, he's not farre,
Will rob thee, when their doores shop-keepers barre,
When every hindge is silent, theeves then creepe
To cut thy throat, for when our souldiers keepe
The *Pontine* fenns, and guard the *Galline* wood,
Rogues thence run hither for their livelyhood.
What forge, what anvill but where chaines are wrought?
Such store of iron's to make fetters bought,
That shortly to want plough-shares we may feare,
That pruning-hooks and mattocks will be deare.
Our great-grand-fathers grand-fathers were blest,
They under Kings and Tribunes liv'd the best,
When throughout *Rome* one prison serv'd for all.
I could say more, but see the cattell call,
The Sunne too is declining, I must go,
The carter cracks his whippe, and tells me so.
Adieu, be mindfull of us, and when *Rome*
Lets thee to thy refreshing *Aquine* come,
As thou to *Elvin Ceres* spurst thy horse
And thy *Diana*, me from *Cuma* force;
To your moist fields, if us this do not shame,
I'll come in tases, and more Satyrs frames

The fourth Satyr *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Mullet that Crispinus *bought*
Minds th' Authour of a Turbut brought
To th' Emperour, so huge, no Pot
That would containe it, could be got;
The Senate's call'd, the Fathers sit,
On a designe for boyling it,
They all are chatter'd, devise
A way to cooke it, and then rise.

BEhold *Crispinus* once againe comes forth,
And ofe I'll shew him, monster, who no worth
Redeemes from vice, weak, only strong in lust,
Who meerely does the widdow's sweets disgust.
What matter then, what acres tire his moile
How farre he's carry'd through his shady soile,
What house or land by th' Forum he enjoy?
No bad man's happy, much lesse the Decoy,
Th' incestuous, who a veyled Nun deflowr'd,
That was alive by th' Earth to be devour'd.
But still'd his slighter errour this must bee,
Yet hadst thou done't, the Judge had sentenc'd thee.

But what would prove *Titius* or *Seius* base,
Or any other, did *Crispinus* grace?
His person's fouler then his crimes, who'd have
To doe with him? he for a mullet gave
Six thousand, the full waight in gold, 'tis said
By those by whom great things are greater made.
I should commend him, if it were his drift
To winne th'old childlesse man with such a gift,
To write his name first when he seales his Will:
There might be further reason in it still,
Should he this present for's great friend prepare,
Borne in her close and large glasse-window'd chaire;
But no such matter, for himselfe 'twas bought.
We see things done, that make *Apicius* thought
Frugall, and poore *Crispine*, was fish so deare
When thou didst thy owne country paper weare?
No question, but he might have bought for lesse
The fisher, then the fish; one may possesse
A Lordship in a province at that rate,
Nay in *Apulia* a faire estate.
What dainties may we think the Emperour eates,
When this poore dish scarce miss'd among his meates,
Had so many Sestertia given for't,
Belcht by the purple buffon of the Court,
Now Master of the Horse, that cry'd of old
Stale broken ware, and fish of *Nilus* sold.

Begin

Begin *Calliope*; here let's make a ſtand;
No matter for a *Madrigall*'s in hand:
Sing you *Pierian* Girles, this ſtory's true,
But 'tis enough that Girles I've ſtiled you.
When the laſt *Flavius* th'halfe-dead world diſturb'd,
When great *Rome* as his ſlave bald *Nero* curb'd,
A monſtrous *Adriaticke* Turbut lands
Where *Venus* Fane in *Greeke Ancona* ſtands;
It fill'd the wharfe and ſtuck upon the ſhore,
Like thoſe ice-bound *Maotis* covers o're,
Till ſummer force it into th'*Euxine* flow,
With long cold fatted, and with fat grovvne ſlow.
This Monſter, th'owner of the Boate and lines
For our *Pontifex Maximus* deſignes:
For ſuch a Turbut who durſt ſell or buy,
So many inquiſitours and informers nigh?
Theſe ſea-weeds ſcattred on the ſhoare, would fall
Oth' naked Fiſher-man, nor ſtick to call
The Fiſh a very fugitive, that fled
From *Cæſar*'s Ponds where it had long beene fed,
And ought to be return'd to its old Lord;
For if *Palfurius* credit we afford
Or *Armillatus*, 'tis Imperiall food,
If it be rare and excellently good,
On whatſoever Billow it be toſt.
This therefore muſt be given, for fear's be loſt,

Now

Now sickly Autumne froze, the Patient fear'd
A quartan, Winter foule and stiffe appear'd.
What he had caught would keepe, the Fisher knew,
Yet he makes hast as if the South wind blew.
The Lake past, at robb'd *Alba* he arrives,
Where still poore *Vesta*'s Trojan fire survives.
The wondring crowde first stopt him; but when they
(Their admiration satisfy'd) gave way,
The presence-hinges nimbly turne about,
The Fish goes in, the Senate waite without.
'Tis brought t'*Atrides*, then the *Poean* sayes
Vouchsafe, what is so great it would amaze
A private kitchin, graciously t'accept,
Be this day to thy Genius sacred kept;
With speed thy stomack cleare of common meate,
And this untill thy time-kept-Turbut eate.
'Twould needs be caught. Could any raskall gloze
More plainly? yet his Peacocks feathers rose,
Nothing so grosse but will beliefe incline,
When that power's praisd equalls the power's divine.
But there's no boyler bigge enough, his States
He therefore calls to councell, whom he hates:
While their lookes show the paleneſse of a great
Sad friendship; th'Usher cryes, make hast, he's set.
First *Pegasus* whips on his purple Gowne,
Who was the Bailiffe of the amazed Towne.

What

What then were Prefects more? whereof the best
He was, and of our Judges th'honestest;
And yet his uncorrupted Tongue was charm'd
In those dire times when Justice was disarm'd.
There likewise did old pleasant *Crispus* meet,
Whose nature, like his eloquence, was sweet.
Could he, that rules the Earth, Seas, and People, chuse
A friend, he might with more advantage use,
If when his thoughts to bloud and vengeance move
He'd suffer him his cruelty reprove;
And that he would his honest counsels heare,
But what's more violent then a Tyrant's eare?
With whom oth' windy spring, raine, heat, his friends
Discourling, on their words their fate depends.
He therefore never swamme a stroke to breake
The Torrent, nor durst any *Roman* speake
The truth his soule thought, or in doing good
Imploy his time: he many winters stood
And saw his eightith Solstice, in this sort
At this guard lying safely, in that Court.
Next him as old *Acilius* doth attend
With his young sonne, unworthy of an end
So cruell, now design'd him by the Prince;
But old Lords throw'd like Prodigyes long since.
So that I'd rather be, then of great birth,
The Gyant's Brother, the off-spring of the Earth,

Poore

Poore youth, he scapt not, though he naked threw
His Javelin in the *Alban* lists, and slew
Numidian Boares: who that *Patrician* art
Now knowes not? who admires th'old subtill part
That *Brutus* acted? 'twas an easie thing
To put a trick upon a bearded King.
Rubrius as sadly goes, although borne base,
Conscious of his no-to-be nam'd disgrace:
Yet he our Pathicke Satyrist out-bragg'd.
Montanus belly comes, with midriffe sagg'd,
And then *Crispinus* sweating oyles oth'East,
That would have serv'd two funeralls at least.
Then he that cuts a throat with lesse adee
With a soft whisper, *Pompey*, *Fuscus* too,
Whose bowells kept for *Scythian* vultures are,
While he in's marble Villa studies warre.
With wise *Veiento* dire *Catullus* came,
Whom love oth' unseene virgin did inflame,
Our times great monster, a blind flatterer,
Whom begging did to's place at Court prefer;
Fit to runne after *Aricine* Horses heeles,
And seeme to kisse the waggons nimble wheeles.
None more admir'd the Fish, much he did say
To's left-hand turn'd, when that on's right-hand lay.
So the *Cilicians* fight, and blowes he prais'd,
And th'Engin that the boyes to th'canvasse rais'd

Veiento

Veiento came not ſhort of him, for he
Divin'd, *Bellona*, as inſpir'd by thee.
A mighty Omen, Sir, this Fiſh muſt bring
Of ſome great triumph, or ſome captive King.
Or from the Pole of's *Britiſh* Chariot
Arviragus ſhall fall, perceive you not
It is a forraigne Monſter, by the ſcales
Prickt upon's back? *Veiento* only failes
In that he is not able to preſage
The Turbut's native climate, and his age.
Shall's cut him? ſpeake: *Montanus* cryes, oh no,
[illegible]re a diſhonour, Sir, to uſe him ſo:
Let's have a thin-wall'd earthen veſſell made,
Wherein his whole circumference may be lay'd:
Some rare *Prometheus* would ſtraight mould the pot,
With all ſpeed let the wheele and clay be got:
To follow's Campe from henceforth *Ceſar* may
Command the Potters. This vote wonne the day.
Worthy the man, who th'old Court-riot knew,
And *Nero*'s midnights, and a hunger new
When *Falerne* wine inflam'd the lights: in all
My time, his taſt was moſt authenticall.
If *Lucrin* rocks or *Circe*'s th'oiſters bred,
Or were they with *Richborough*-water fed
He found at the firſt taſt, and by the looke
Oth' crab-fiſh told upon what ſhore 'twas tooke,

The

The Councell rises, and the Lords receive
Commands, the roome, and *Alban* Tow'r to leave;
To which in such hast and astonishment
For them our mighty Generall had sent,
As if he'd treat of something with the sterne
Sicambri or the *Catti* did concerne.
Or had receiv'd from th'earths farre distant coasts
Distracted Letters brought by flying Posts.
And would to Heav'n he had spent all that time
Thus innocently, when he rob'd our clime
Of many'a gallant and illustrious soule
Unpunisht, or without the least controule
But he was lost, when once the Peasants stood
In's danger, they reveng'd the noble blood.

The

The fift Satyr of IUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Client Trebius *is reprov'd,*
Who will with no affront be mov'd
Proud Virro's *table to forbeare,*
Where he but seldome must appeare.
And then, poore Creature, onely sees
The pretious wine, but drinks the lees.
At Virro's *Feast eates scraps, or sterves,*
Nor better, who brookes this, deserves.

SHim'st not? dost still, as thy chiefe good, intend
Upon another's trencher to depend?
Canst thou endure more base affronts then ere
At *Cæsar*'s bitter jeering table were
By humble *Galba* or *Sarmentus* borne?
I'd scarce beleeve't were thou a witnesse sworne.
I know the belly's cheaply fed, put case
Thou had'st not to fill up that empty space,
Is there no hole, no bridge, no cottage-nooke?
Art thou with th'injury of a meale so tooke?
So hunger-gutted? thou maist shake for feare
Farre more gentilely, and gnaw dogge-crusts there.

Let

Ith' first place, thou, when bid to supper, hast
The full reward of all thy service past,
A great friend's bounty, meat; he thinks so, though
He bids thee seldome, yet he thinks it so.
After some month's neglect, if he admit
A Client, lest there should want one to sit
On's third bed, we'll (sayes he) together eate;
What wouldst thou more? thy wishes are compleat.
Trebius oblig'd, has that for which he must
Break's sleep, and run ungarter'd and untrust,
For feare left his saluting rivalls may
Have fill'd the ring by dawning of the day,
Or at the time when the sev'n starres doe roll
Their cold and sluggish waine about the pole.
But then, what kind of supper is't? thy cup
Is fil'd with wine, moist wooll would scarce drink up.
The gheſt's transform'd to *Cybel*'s Priests you see,
Made with fowle words their first encounters bee.
Anon the cups they drink in fly about,
And thou thy wound wip'st with a crimson clout.
How often do the Libertines and you,
Pots of *Saguntum* furiously imbrew?
What th'unshorne Consulls saw his servant skinks,
The grape prest in the Civill Warres he drinks,
Nor with one little taste of it would part
To's friend, that has the trembling of the heart

From

From th' *Albane* or the *Setine* hills, next day
He something drinks, whose age hath took away
The dusty hogshead's date, and climate; such
As *Thraseas* and *Helvidius* would touch,
When they drank crown'd, on the nativityes
Of *Cassius*, and both the *Brutuses*.
Virro's owne wine's into large amber put,
Or sea-greene Beryll into faucets cut.
They trust not thee with gold, or if they do't
Sometimes, a keeper is annext unto't,
Who counts the gems, marks where thy sharp nayle aymes;
Excuse him, there the precious Jasper flames.
For *Virro* to be ala mode, does those
Rich stones from's rings into his bowles transpose
Which in his hilts the youth, preferr'd before
The jealous-spirited *Hiarbas*, wore.
Thou drain'st a fowle four-snouted Glasse, that's call'd
The *Benventine* Cobler, old and gall'd,
And going to the Glasse-house every day
For scraps of brimstone to be truckt away.
With wine or meat if thy Lord's stomack glow,
Boild water's brought him coold in *Scythian* snow;
Did I complaine none of the same wine came
To your share, 'las your water's not the same;
Thy cup is fill'd by the *Getulian* boore,
Or raw-bon'd fingers of the *Blackamoore*,

Whom

Whom you'd not meet at midnight, as you ſtray
By th' monuments ith' rugged *Latin* way.
The Flow'r of *Aſia* on thy Patron waites,
Bought at a higher price then the eſtates
Of *Tullus*, warlike *Ancus*, in a word
Then all the Kings of *Rome* could ere afford.
In which reſpect, thou muſt when th'art a drye
On thy *Getulian Gammed* caſt thine eye.
Can he ſo many millions coſt, be page
To th'poore? high lookes become his forme, and age.
This yeoman of the mouth too, when doth he
Though call'd upon, vouchſafe to come to thee?
No, he diſdaines th'old client ſhould command
His ſervice; or ſhould ſit when he muſt ſtand. (thoſe
Each great Houſe with proud ſervans ſwarmes, how
Grumble to reach thee bread, a houſe would poſe,
Hard mouldy cruſts, which doe the grinders ſpoile,
And yet are hardly enter'd with long toile?
Thy Lords loaves are of ſoft and ſnow-white flower,
Keepe in thy hand, reverence the butlers power:
Shouldſt thou be bold with it in jeaſt, a clowne
Stands o're thee that will make thee lay it downe.
Remember, ſawcy Sir, how you've beene fed,
And know the colour of your houſhold-bread.
Was't this for which I left (ſo many a time)
My wife the cold *Eſquilian* mount to clime.

When

When winter *Jove* pour'd downe his cruell raine,
And my fur'd-coate did raine it o're againe.
See how the charger bends with thy Lord's Fish,
What Sparagus begarnishes the dish;
And how his tayle the table seemes to scorne,
When he's ith' hands of the tall servant borne.
Thy Crabbe, with halfe an egge about it fixed,
Comes in a plaite, a supper for the dead.
Upon his fish *Venafrian* oyle he poures,
What smells oth' lampe dawbes thy pale colyflowres.
The stuffe brought in *Micippa's* pick'd cane
Thy sawcer fills, for which all *Rome* refraine,
The Bath perfum'd by *Bochar* to come nigh
From which, the very *Libian* serpents flye.
Thy Patron's mullet *Corsica* sends in,
Or *Tauromenian* rocks, when ours begin
To faile us, when our luxury to please,
Wee for the shambles rob the neigb'ring seas
And will not let the *Tyrrhen* fish's breed,
The Provinces must then our kitchins feed.
Thence comes what *Lenas* buyes up and presents,
Aurelia againe ith' market vents.
Viro's great Conger's brought him from the Straits
Of *Sicily*, for when the south-wind waites
A prisoner, and his dewy feathers dryes,
Charibdis our bold fisher-men despise.

Thy Egle is cozen to the ſlender Snake,
Which th'ice of Tiber did ſo ſpotted make,
That bred ith'mud; and by the kennell kept
Oft ith'*Suburra*'s common ſhore had crept.
I'd ſpeake a word in *Virro*'s eare: none crave
What *Seneca*, brave *Piſo*, *Cotta* gave
To their poore friends, (for great as Faſces then
Or Titles bounty ſhin'd in noble men.)
Onely a civill uſage we intreat,
Let's eate at the ſame table the ſame meat,
Doe this and be, what moſt to be contend,
Rich to thy ſelfe, poore onely to thy friend.
To *Virro* a great Gooſe's liver's ſet
Girt with cramm'd Fowle, or rarities as great:
A wild Boare foaming lyes upon his board,
Worthy the faire-hair'd *Meleager*'s ſword.
Then if't be Spring-time, the par'd Muſhrom's dreſt,
If wiſht-for thunder make a greater feaſt.
Alledius cryes your Corne you *Lybians* ſpend,
Unyoake your Oxen, ſo your Muſhroms ſend:
In the meane time leaſt any thing ſhould be
Left out to vexe thy patience, thou ſhalt ſee
The Carver flouriſhing his knife, advance
As if he were beginning of a dance;
Nor ends till all his Maſters tricks are done,
Till over all the diſhes he has runne,

And

And shew'd you what the diff'rent postures are
Of cutting up a Pullet and a Hare.
But thou, as *Hercules* dragg'd *Cacus*, must
Drawne by the heeles out of the doore be thrust;
Shouldst thou, as if thou hadst three names, repine,
To thee when offers *Virro* his owne wine
Or pledges in thy dreggs? which of you are
So rash, so lost, that to your Monarch dare
Say, drinke Sir; many words may not be spoke
By a poore fellow in a tatter'd cloake.
But should some God, or God-like man, then fate
More kinde, give thee a Gentleman's estate;
Poore Rogue! how high from nothing wouldst thou rise?
How gracious wouldst thou be in *Virro*'s eyes?
Give *Trebius* this, set *Trebius* that meate,
Will't please you (Brother) of these entrailes eate?
Oh Money! he this honour doth to thee,
'Tis *Trebius* and thy selfe that brothers bee.
But if thou wouldst be one o'th'better sort,
A Lord, and thy Lord's Prince; about thy Court.
There must no young Æneas playing runne,
Nor daughter more a darling then a sonne.
A barren wife makes a friend sweet and deare,
Yet if thy *Mygale* should children beare,
Now thou art rich, set on thy knee three boyes,
I'th'pretty parrat Babes he likewise joyes.

For the greene ſtomacher his ſervant goes,
The ſmall nuts, and the peny he beſtowes
That's askt him; when this begger of ſmall ſummes
This little Paraſite to his table comes.
To poore friends dangerous toad-ſtooles they afford,
The Muſhromes are ſerv'd only to the Lord.
Pure Fungo's, ſuch as *Claudius* eate, before
His wifes came, after which he ne're eate more:
Virro and th'other *Virrees* apples taſt,
Whoſe ſmell alone to feed upon thou haſt.
You'd think perpetuall Autumne yeilded theſe
From the robb'd orchard of th'*Heſperides*.
Thou eat'ſt crabs, ſuch as he gnawes in the workes
That under's ſhield, and in his helmet lurkes,
And feares the whip, when as he learnes the art
From the rough hairy goat to caſt the dart.
That *Virro* ſpares his purſe thou mayſt believe,
But he does this only to make thee grieve,
What comedy, what Mimicke can excite
More laughter, then the coz'ned appetite?
Know 'tis his aime in teares to ſee thee waſh
Thy rage, to heare thy longing grinders gnaſh.
Your Lord's gueſts, freemen you your ſelves doe think,
He thinks you ſlaves took with his kitchins ſtink,
And he thinks right; for what poore man that had
Hetrurian bubles when he was a lad,

Or

Or wore a knot, with that ſo poore deviſe
Of leathern thongs, that can indure it twice.
Oh, but a hopefull ſupper fayles us now,
You'll ſee another time he will allow
Some part of the reverſions of a Hare,
Wee ſhall a Chick or the Boare's haunches ſhare.
This makes you lye perdue with untoucht bread:
He's wiſe that lets you be no better fed;
For if thou canſt with all theſe ſcornes ſit downe,
In time thou'lt let him ſhave and crack thy crowne,
And take a good ſound whipping in th'end,
Worthy of ſuch a feaſt, and ſuch a friend.

The sixth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

The Argument.

The Roman women full of Taints
And Blemishes, the Poet paints,
And sends them represented thus,
To old Vrsidius Posthumus:
Of whom he does compassion take,
And councels him his choyce to make
Of any Death, ere such a Life
As he must looke for with a Wife.

I Grant that chastity when *Saturne* raign'd,
Was seen on earth, when a cold Cave contain'd
A little houshold, fire, and *Lar*, and made
For Shepherds and their Flocks one common shade.
When first the Mountaine wife, leafes, sedges, spread
And skins of neighb'ring beasts to make her bed.
Not like thee, *Cynthia*, nor her that cry'd
And swell'd her faire eyes when her Sparrow dy'd.
But whilst man acornes betchr, his wife (more wild)
Had her full breasts drunke up by her great child.
For in th'earth's non-age, under heaven's new frame,
They stricter liv'd, who from th'Oake's rupture came,

And clay-borne, had no Parents: Haply though,
Much of that old chast seed, or some did grow
Ev'n under *Jove*, but e're *Jove* had a beard;
E're *Greeks* to sweare by others heads were heard,
When none fear'd threves to rob their herbes, or trees,
But liv'd without inclosures. By degrees
To Heav'n, then, Chastity *Astrea* led,
And so, together the two Sisters fled.
Postume; 'tis old to steale another's sweets,
To slight the Genius of the sacred sheets;
The Yron-age brought forth all other crimes,
The first Adult'rers were ith' Silver times.
Yet meetings, contracts, joyntures, motion'st thou
In our Age. Nay, the master-barber now
Trimms thee, perhaps thy Pledge her finger fits.
Wilt thou wive *Postume*? sure thou hadst thy wits?
What snake-hayr'd fury haunts thee? canst obey
A wife? so many halters i'thy way?
So many windowes open, those so high?
The courteous *Æmilian* bridge so nigh?
If in this choice of deaths none pleasing be,
Thinke, is't not better thy Boy sleep with thee?
Thy Boy that scolds not i'the night, nor faines
A coyneſſe, till presented: nor complaines
Because thou spar'st thy back, or that, so oft
As he commands, thou dost not come aloft.

But

Oh, but *Vrsidius* now likes the care
O'th *Julian* law. He meanes to get an Heyre,
And looſe thoſe gifts the ſhambles ſends him in,
The greater Turtle and the Mullets fionne.
What is not poſſible, if *Vrſid* wed,
If this old ſtallion thruſt his fooliſh head
Into the martiage-halter, that lay preſt
So oft, halfe ſmother'd, in *Latinus* cheſt?
Beſides his Wife muſt be oth' old chaſt ſtraine:
He's mad, good Surgeon, cut his middle-veine.
Nice man! proſtrate adore *Tarpeian Jove*,
And a gilt Heifer kill to his firſt Love,
If thou on a chaſt Matron light'ſt. Few ſuch
Live now, as merit *Ceres* Veyle to touch,
Whoſe lipps their Fathers feare not. Crowne thy doores,
With Ivy quile thy threſholds, ſtrow thy floores.
One man thy *Iberina* ſatisfie?
She'll ſooner be contented with one eye.
But She's much fam'd lives at her Father's Farme.
Let her live ſo ith' Village, no more harme
Thinke in great Townes, the tale oth' Farme may paſſe.
But who'll ſweare, nothing done ith' mountaines was?
Nor caves? are *Jove* and *Mars* ſo aged growne?
Is there a beauty in our gardens ſhowne
Worthy thy choice? our play-houſe boxes prove,
Can'ſt pick out one, thou mayſt ſecurely love?

Bathilla

Bathillus acting *Leda*, *Thuscia* leakes
At's gambolls; *Appula*, as tickled, squeakes.
Thymele the long-thing before discernes,
And then, the Towne-garbe Country-*Thymele* learnes.
The rest grow sad, when th'arras is tooke downe,
And Noise, the Stage left, does the *Forum* drowne:
And when, in *Cybel*'s Feasts, w'have no Playes, they
Attius with's Vizzard, Thyrse, and Codpiece, play.
Autonoe's mad Jigge, that laughter moves,
Sings *Urbicus*, him the poore *Ælia* loves.
These spoile the singing boy; at high rates those
Do buy th'unbutt'ning the Comedian's hose.
Hispulla the Tragedian doth affect,
That these should love *Quintilian*, can y expect?
The Fidler *Glaphyrus*, the wife thou dost take,
Or *Ambrose* Piper, with a Father make.
To straiten the high street long scaffolds raise,
Adorne thy Gates and Posts with solemne bayes,
That, *Lentulus*, thy canopy'd noble heire
May looke like rogue-*Euryalus* the sword-player.
The wife to'a Lord oth'Senate, *Hippia*,
With *Sergius* the Fencer ranne away,
And follow'd him devoutly to the Isle
Of *Pharos*, *Lagus* his lewde Towne, and *Nile*,
Lascivious *Canopus* crying downe
The impudence of this prodigious Towne:

No

No care of her house, of her sister, tooke,
Her Lord's or Country's honour; she forsooke,
Base soule, her crying Babes, what may amaze
You yet more, she left *Paris* and the Playes.
And though she, richly by her Father kept,
Had in his Downe and deepe-fring'd Cradles slept,
She scorn'd the Sea; Fame she long-since did scorne,
Whose losse on a soft Couch is easily borne.
She, therefore, *Tyrrhene* waves, th' *Ionian* Roare,
And oft-chang'd Seas with constant spirits bores
If some just cause of danger shall appeare,
Their frozen hearts honest actions feare,
Their trembling feet too weake to beare them are,
They bring strong soules to things they fouly dare.
If husbands bid them goe aboard, they swound;
Then the Pumpe's noysome, then the aire turnes round;
She with her Paramour's ne're sicke. That bespues
Her husband; t'eare with Saylors this doth use,
Walkes on the Decks, to pull hard Cables loves.
But *Hippia*, what youth, what beauty moves?
What did she see made her oth' Title doat
Of a she-Fencer? for to shave his throat
Her Favourite began, his scarres crav'd ease,
His face had many strange deformities;
Worne bald with's helmit, midst of's nose a Wen,
His eye's sharpe, rhewme still dropt. But he was then

A Sword-man; this makes *Hyacinthe*. This to her
Lord, Sister, Country, Babes, she did prefer;
Tis steele they love. Had *Sergius* had to do
With the weake Wand, sh'had made him Cuckold too.
Why do I one so meane as *Hippia* name?
View the Gods Rivalls. List to *Claudius* shame;
When his Wife found him sleep, she durst refuse
His royall bed, and a base matteresse chuse.
Th'Imperiall Strumpet with one maid stole out
In her night-hoods, and having cast about
Her black haire, a red perriwigge; she got
Into the stewes, where th'old rugge still was hot;
Had a spare roome kept for her. There, gold-chain'd
Bare-breasted stood, her name *Lycisca* fain'd;
High-borne *Britanicus*, thy womb display'd;
Smil'd upon all that came, her bargaine made.
And when the Wenches were dismiss'd, she last,
('Twas all she could) sadly the doore made fast,
And many thirsted-for encounters try'd,
Departed tir'd with men, not satisty'd.
And foul'd with candle-smoake, her cheeks smear'd o're,
The Brothell-steame she to her Pillow bore.
Their love-draughts, charmes, and druggs I could relate,
Brew'd for the Sonne-in-law that drinks his fate.
Their Sex'es Empire swells their vices so,
That lust appeares a *Peccadillio*.

But

But why's *Cesennia* by her husband grac'd?
She brought ten thousand, at that rate she's chast.
Loves bow or torch, nor wounds nor burnes his heart;
Hence comes the flame, the portion casts the dart.
Her freedome's bought; he by, sh'ill write, or kisse;
A covetous man's rich Wife a Widow is.
How is't *Sertorius Bibula* approves?
The truth discuss'd, the face not Wife he loves.
Let but three wrinkles grow, her dry skinne shrinke,
Her teeth looke rusty, her eyes deeper sinke,
Pack up, his freed-man bids her, and be gone;
Th'art now a burden, thy nose drops, jogge on;
Quik; let another, that's dry-nos'd, succeed.
Whilst fayre she raignes, her Lord's *Canusian* breed
Of sheep and shepherds, *Falerne* vine-yards craves.
That's nothing. All fine boyes, all Gaoles for slaves;
What neighbours have, the wants, his purse must buy.
In Winter, when a shore the Merchants lye;
When th'icy tow'r the Pilot's art controlls,
Great Crystalls are fetcht home, huge Myrrhine bowles;
And the fam'd diamond, that richer show'd
On *Berenice*'s finger, this bestow'd
The barbarous *Agrippa*, he to his
Incestuous Sister once presented this
Where bare-foot Kings the Sabbath feasts do hold,
And ancient pity lets the Swine grow old,

Is one of all these worthy thy imbrace?
Be she faire, neat, rich, fruitfull; though she place
The statues of her Ancestours to guard
Her Walke's, and be her selfe then those loose-hair'd
Peace-making *Sabines*, more unknowne to Man:
A Bird as rare on earth as a blacke Swanne.
Who'll brooke her if she be all this? Give me
A *Venusine* maide, *Cornelia* before thee
Mother oth' *Gracchi*: if as Proud as Great,
Thou as thy dowre thy Triumphs dost repeat;
Thy *Hannibal*, thy conquer'd *Syphax*, 'pry'thee
Take and be gone, and take all *Carthage* with thee.
Hold *Phœbus*, *Phœbe* hold. No fault there lyes
Ith' babes, their mother kill, *Amphion* cryes.
But *Phœbus* shoots. Thus *Niobe*, whilst her place
She boasts to be above *Latona*'s race,
And fruitfuller then the white sow; her wombe
Doth all her Children and her Lord intombe.
What's Modesty? what's Beauty? that the shu'd
Upbraid thee with them? there's in this rare good
No pleasure, when, corrupted by proud hearts,
More Aloës then Honey it imparts.
Yet who so amorous but his Love he may
Abhorre, and justly too, seav'n houres a day?
Some triviall things, no husband's patience brooks,
For what's more base? none thinks she handsome looks,

Till

Till she her *Tuscan* can in *Greeke* expresse,
And turnes pure *Attick* from a *Sulmonesse*.
When they want native *Latine*, (more their shame)
They speake all *Greeke*: vexe, tremble, laugh, proclaime
Their soule's deepe secrets. What more? To't they go
In Greecke. Old-woman, let young girles doe so;
Wilt thou, fourscore and six, be Greekish now?
That Language is not chast, when in it thou
Dost cry, my life, my soule, and use ith' crowd
Those words, the bed-cloths but ev'n now did shrowd.
What will not this Provocative command?
There's in a smooth and petulant tongue a hand;
Speake *thou* more soft then *Hamus*, charme our eares
Carpoph'rus-like; Thy face summes up thy yeares:
If thou'lt not love thy wife, 'tis to no end
For thee to marry, and in vaine to spend
A supper; and those Jellyes made to give
High spirits, nor that first-night's Donative,
When, shining in rich Plate, she must behold
Dacian and *German Cæsar* cut in gold.
If thou'lt uxoriously to one adhere,
Submit thy willing necke the yoke to beare:
There's none will spare her Lover. Though she burne,
His spoyles and torments to her sport she'll turne.
To marry therefore him 'twill lesse behove,
Who would a kind and noble husband prove.

Against

Against her will thou shalt give nothing; nought;
But what she pleases, shall be sold or bought.
She'll rule thy soule, that friend must be expell'd
Now old, whose growing beard thy gates beheld.
The priviledge of law when Fencers take,
And Bawdes are free their testaments to make,
Thou must to Rivalls thy estate bequeath.
Hang up thy slave. How merits my slave death?
Who's witnesse? who informes? heare what he'll say.
Upon mad's life ne're was too long delay.
Foole, is a Slave a Man? he's cleere, be't so.
We will, and our will shall for reason go,
Thus she her Husband awes. Straight, quits this sway,
Shifts houses, teares her red veyle, flyes away.
Treads th'old path to some scorn'd bed. Leaves the doore
New trimm'd, the rooms fresh hang'd, green boughs oth' floore.
Thus numbers she eight Husbands in five-yeare.
A fit Inscription for her Tombe to beare.

Despaire of peace, whilst thy Wifes mother lives.
She, how to rob a Husband, Precepts gives.
She to a servant no rude lines rescribes,
No simple stuffe. The guard she cheates or bribes.
Then, her child well, for the Phisitian sends,
Casts off the Rugge. Whilst the hid Knave attends,
And mastuprates, mad to be so delay'd.
Why, thinke you, can a Mother of the Trade

Chast

Chast thoughts, or other then her owne, imprint?
Besides, a bawde's loose daughter is her mint.
Most law-suits Women cause. *Manilia* will,
If not defendant, be the plaintif still.
Themselves draw bills, they doe *Exordiums* frame,
Give notes, teach learned *Celsus* to declaime.
Their *Tyrian* cassocks, nointings for the field,
Who knows not, sees not, how with speare and shield
The wounded post is charg'd by maydes at armes,
And rarely well-train'd matrons, whose alarmes
May *Florall* trumpets claime. Unlesse, some prize
They'll play oth' stage, and therefore exercise.
Where's her chast blush, that puts her helmit on,
And her sexe off? that, though she doate upon
Man's strength, would not be man, for but compare
Our pleasures, 'las how little is our share?
'Twere fine, if one should thy wife's wardrobe crie.
Her gauntlets, belt, plume, tasses her left thigh
Halfe-covering. Or if for all fights she be,
Thou, blest, may'st sell her armour cap à pe.
These are the dames that in thin holland sweate,
Whose silks too much their tender bodies heate.
Behold, how fiercely the taught thrusts she takes.
See, what a blow her helmit bowes, and makes
Her lipps spread, and thick folds in her short gowne.
But smile, when she disarm'd, to th'pot squats downe.

Tell me, you Nieces to great *Lepidus*,
To blind *Metellus*, spend-thrift *Fabius*,
What Fencers Trulla thus arm'd was ever knowne?
When did *Asylus* Wife thus fighting groane?
Debates, alternate brawlings, ever were
Ith' marriage-bed; there is no sleeping there
Fierce as a Tigresse robb'd, she then begins
To chide, or sigh, when guilty of close sins.
Or her owne children hates; or sweares he keepes
A wench, and as she did believe it, weepes.
Her teares in troopes still ambush, waite to know
What's her designe, how she'll command them flow.
That 'tis pure love, thou pleas'd hedge-sparrow think'st,
And from her lipps the briny moisture drink'st.
What letters mightst thou read, if thou couldst get
Into the jealous Strumpet's cabinet?
But she's caught, with this slave, that gallant. Come,
Plead her excuse *Quintilian*. We are dumbe.
Speake woman. 'Twas agreed, she doth replie,
Thou should'st doe what thou list, and so should I.
Out-storme a tempest, th'ayre with clamour fill,
A woman will be found-a woman still.
If once surpriz'd, th'earth has not bolder things,
Ev'n from their crimes their spleene and courage springs.
But from what *Lerna* have these monsters crept?
Their once-low fortunes chast the *Latines* kept.

And

And vice out of poore houſes, labour barr'd,
Short ſleep, and hands with *Thuſcan* wooll made hard.
Hannibal at our gates with all his powers.
Their husbands ſtanding on the *Colline* towers.
Long peace undoes us. Luſt, then warre more fierce,
Revenges now the conquer'd univerſe.
When poverty left *Rome*, no hortid ſin
But enter'd, then, to our ſev'n hills flow'd in
Rhodes, *Malta*, *Sibaris*, *Tarentum* crown'd
With flowr's, and ſtill in wine and women drown'd.
That bawde *Coine* firſt ſtrange faſhions hither brought.
Soft wealth the weaken'd world foule riot taught.
For what cares *Venus* drunke? ſhe does not know
Her upper Region from her coaſt below.
She now at midnight her great oiſters eates,
When *Falerne* wine with foamy unguents ſweates.
When off the flaggons, round the chamber goes,
The table riſes, each light double ſhowes.
Go now, why *Tullia* ſnorts a doubt propoſe,
When ſhe ſo ſnuffs the ayre up with her noſe.
Or what *Collatia* to her *Maura* talkes,
When ſhe by chaſtity's old altar walkes.
There their Sedans waite. They do there diſtill,
And the carv'd Goddeſſe with long ſpoutings fill.
They mount by courſes in the Moone's chaſt ſight.
And ſo, go home. The morning ſcarcely bright,

Thou spatterst thy wife's water, as thou go'st
To bid those friends, good day, thou honour'st most.
The Goddesse *Bona*'s secrets are now blaz'd,
When to the Pipe they friske, and running maz'd
With wine and cornets, their haire wildly towle,
And as *Priapus Bacchides*, they howle.
Then how they long for't! when it comes, what cries!
What torrents of old wine flow downe their thighs!
Laufella wenches at the nimble heave
Dares challenge, and the garland does receive.
Then she whil'st *Medullina* lifts, kneeles downe.
And they call her their queene that gets this crowne.
No girles-play here. All's done to th'life that may
Cold *Priam* fire, or *Nestor*'s *Hernia*.
Then lust growes furious, she's pure woman then,
And the whole vault cries, now let in the men.
Sleeps th'old adult'rer? bid the younger blood
Run nimbly hither, dresst up in my hood.
Comes none? she'll meet her slaves, those out oth'way,
The tankard-bearer for his paines she'll pay;
He absent, no man found, e're she'll abide
Delay, she'll let an asse get up and ride.
Would publicke rites might this abuse eschew!
But *Moores* and *Indians* a she-singer knew.
That could a more sufficient roll have showne
Then *Cæsar*'s *Anti-Cato*'s both in one.

And

And brought it in, whence not a mouse, that feares
His stones, but flies, where veyles man's picture weares
What sawcy Atheist, durst of old despise
Numa's black bowle, the urne for sacrifice,
Or pot otit' *Vatican* that earthen was?
Now, where's an altar but a *Clodius* has?
Hing on a locke, I heare old friends advise.
Appoint a guard. But who shall watch the spyes!
Her art first drawes them in. To one degree
Of lust all now are come; no chaster she
By whose rough hob-nayles the black flints are worne,
Then she that's on tall *Syrians* shoulders borne.
To see a prize *Ogulnia* hires a man,
Gowne, clients, nurse, a cushion, a sedan.
A red hair'd maide, that her commands must waite.
And all her father's goods, with her last plaite
To active wrestlers prodigally gives.
At home, in great straites many, but none lives
Ith' moderation that befits the poore.
Yet man sometimes weighs profit, looks before,
Provides for cold and hunger, feares to want,
Taught by th'example of the frugall Ant.
Vaine woman feeles not how the stock consumes,
That gold will grow in empty baggs presumes
And still to take of full heapes: never measures
At what excessive rates she buyes her pleasures.

Some the soft Eunuch's still-smooth kisses love,
And meere despaire of beard; no feare to prove,
And need abortion. Yet the pleasure's great.
Because the Surgeon in ripe youth and heat
Their dowcets cut, the black downe newly growne,
These, when they come to weigh a pound a stone,
He takes off, leaves the rest at its full size,
And only the poore Barber damnifies.
Into the Bath this goodly Eunuch goes,
And there, no doubt, so huge a bawble shewes,
As may with *Bacchus*, or *Priapus*, vie.
His Lady's Eunuch. With her let him lie.
But, *Postumus*, I would not wish you trust
Your favourite *Bremius* to this Eunuch's lust.
If she love musicke, let no voice, that's sold
To th'Prætors, hope to make his button hold.
Her hands are still oth'Organs. Her Lute stuck
With gemms, the strings with a rich quill are struck.
The young *Hedymile*'s Lute takes her, this
She huggs and gives the lov'd wood many'a kisse.
One of the *Lamian* house and that great name,
With cakes and wine to *Vesta* and *Janus* came,
To know if *Pollio* should with his Lyre
An oaken wreath oth'*Capitol* acquire.
Should her Lord sicken, what could she do more?
Or had the Doctours her young sonne giv'n o're?

She

She stood at th'Altar, as the manner is,
And spoke the prompted words of sacrifice,
Nor for a Fidler shun'd her face to veyle.
And when the Lambe was open'd, she turn'd pale.
Thou old God, father *Janus*, does heav'n heare
These prayers? I see y'have little businesse there!
She must for buskins, she for socks procure
Thy aide. Th'*Aruspex* will grow crooked sure.
But lether sing, e're jaunt about t'invite
The Wits, and parley, in her husbands sight,
With men of Busse and Feather, face to beard,
And naked-breasted. This is she has heard
All newes, knowes what's in *Thrace* and *Scythia* done,
The secret oth' step-mother and the sonne.
Can tell, who loves, what wencher was beguil'd,
And who 'twas, got the Dowager with child,
What day oth' moneth. Knowes, ev'ry Lady's phrase
She sports in, and how many severall wayes.
She first the comet saw, th'*Armenian* state
And *Parthian* threatning. At the city-gate
She way-layes fame. *Niphates*, she gives out,
Hath drown'd the men and countrys round about,
That th'earth shakes, cities nod. In all our streets
She prattles this, to every one she meets.
Yet this is but a baser vice out-stript,
Poore neighbours must intreat they may be whipt,

For if a barking dogge disturbe her sleep,
She calls out to the varlets she doth keep,
Take your battoons along, without demur,
Braine the dogg's master first, and then the cur.
She frowning, goes into her bath by Night.
Pots, panns, the campe's remov'd by candle-light.
She loves to sweat in crowdes, till each arme falls
Tir'd with the waight of her two leaden balls.
And then, the knave that noints her has the trick
To make his Ladyes thigh aloft, Cry chick.
Meane time her clients sterv'd and hungry, droope.
At length she comes, red-checkt, and longs to swoope
A rundlet off, lay'd at her feet, and pour'd
From a full ewre: when 'tother pint devour'd
To force an appetite, she in her way
To supper, does oth' ground her stomacke lay.
The marble-floore swift rivers interline,
Or the broad bason smells of *Falerne* wine.
Like a long snake into a wine-fat cast,
She sucks it in, and spues it out as fast.
A sight, that makes her husband's stomack rise,
Who, to avoide the object, shuts his eyes.
She's worse, that *Virgil* at her boord commends,
And *Dido*'s killing-of her selfe defends.
And then, compares the Poëts, *Virgil* layes
In one scale, in the other *Homer* waighes.

Grammarians,

Grammarians, Rhetoricians, the whole crowd
She drownes, lawyer, nor cryer speakes so lowde,
Nor other woman. Words burst from her tongue,
You'd sweare so many bells and basons runge.
Let none their trumpets, or brasse kettles grieve,
She can, alone, the labouring moone relieve.
Her wisdome th'end to honest acts sets downe,
If th'ill show learned, let her girt her gowne
Above her knee, to God *Silvanus,* slay
A hegge, and for her bath a farding pay.
Let not thy wife to speake high things affect,
Nor nimbly the short *Enthymem* project.
Nor know all historyes, she may have got
A little, so she understand it not.
I hate her that *Palamon*'s art revives,
That to discourse by rule and method strives,
That will a kind of Antiquary be,
Repeats you verses are unknowne to me.
Her friend's false Grammar chides, men scarce regard,
Pray let her husband's solœcisme be spar'd.
A woman thinks all's lawfull, when she weares
Those mighty peare-pearles that waigh downe her eares,
And th'Emerauld-neck lace; nothing makes man's life
Unhappyer, then a fortune with a wife.
Boil'd flowre like mortar's in her wrinkles laid,
Or that Pomatum which *Poppæa* made,

Her

Her poore foole's lipps she bird-limes, but comes in
To her adult'rer with a cleane-wash'd skin.
When goes she neat at home? she meets her friend
In all perfumes the meager *Indians* send.
At last she's seene undawb'd, then first she's knowne
And nurst with asses milke, whose breed's her owne
And still took with her, least she be sent forth
An exile, like *Poppæa*, to the North.
But what's thus poultic'd, and thus plaister'd o're,
Is it a face? or may't be call'd a sore?
'Tis worth your knowledge, what they do by Day.
If in the night husband turn'd away,
Her chiefe mayde's dead, her dresser ready stript,
Too late comes her chayre-bearer, and is whipt
Because another fell a sleep: His head
Breaks her tough cane: Him rods, him cords dye red.
There are that pay the Beadles by the yeare.
She beates, by th'by paints, does her gosips heare,
Or her faire gold-embroyder'd garment viewes,
Beats on, and does the day's accounts peruse;
Which took; and beating till the beadles groane.
Be gone, she thunders in a horrid tone.
She rules and governs in no milder sort,
Then if her house were a *Sicilian* Court,
For if some neater dresse she meditates,
Or hasts to the religious Bawde that waites

In *Isis* fane, or some ith'walks expect,
Poore *Psecas* still-bare-breasted, naked-neckt,
Her haire torne, combes her Lady's. Why's this lock
So high? straight, her bulls-pisle gives a knock.
What hath your woman done deserves these blowes?
Is't her fault, Madam, you dislike your nose?
Another, oth'left-hand, unties the strings,
Opens her haire, and curles it into rings;
The Matron of the wheele in councell sits,
Whose needle now, her Lady manumits.
She gives her vote ith' first place, as most sage,
Then her inferiours in art and age,
As if that fame and life were both at stake,
So great's the care they of their beauty take.
Her haire she doth in that rare method tie,
And builds her head so many storyes high.
You see *Andromache* before, behind
She's lesse, you there another woman find.
'Tis so. For you by her short wast may see
A virgin Pigmy needs must taller be;
If her Chiopines her Ladiship should misse,
She sure must stand a tip-toe for a kisse.
Meane time, she to her husband's profit gives
Just no regard, but as his neighbour lives,
In this more neere, that she his friends does hate
And servants, and consumes his faire estate.

Behold

Behold, *Bellona's*, *Cybel's* Priests, the tall
Grave halte-man, (with no obscene part at all,
A fith-shrill long-since cut off that) comes in,
A *Phrygian* miter ty'd beneath his chin.
Plebeian bells, that hoarce quite stifl'd, his mouth
Sounds loud, beware September and the South,
Unlesse she purge her with a hundred eggs,
With these her *Feculamort* old gownes he beggs,
Which cloths must all great sudden crosses beare
And be an expiation for that yeare.
She wades, in winter, through the broken ice,
And bathes in *Tyber* every morning thrice,
In that fierce streame her timerous head she steeps,
O're *Tarquin's* fields then, nak'd and trembling creeps
On bloudy knees. If't be white *Jo's* will,
T'*Egypt* shall pilgrimage, at *Meroe* fill
Warme drops to sprinkle *Isis* temple, neere
Th'old Sheep-coat built, the Goddesse she dare sweare
Speakes to her. See the spirit of a Saint,
Whom with their minds by night the Gods acquaint.
This then's her darling priest, that's follow'd by
The linnin-cloath'd ball'd crew, that houle and cry
After his God *Anubis*, whom he jeeres.
He prayes for her, that not the sport forbeares
On solemne dayes, great punishment remaines
Due to the wife that her cleane smock prophanes,

The

The silver snake to move it's head appeares,
Wonne with his studyd murmurs and his teares
The sin to pardon. A great goose, no doubt,
Or a thin wafer bribes *Osyris* to't.
He gone. Her hay and basquet left, with feare
The poore shy Jew beggs in my Lady's eare.
This grove's high-priestesse, heavn's true messenger,
Hierusalem's old lawes expounds to her
Who fills her hand, but thinly, yet twill lure
Your Jew to sell what bables you desire.
A childlesse rich mans legacy, a young love,
Are found ith' lights of a warme trembling dove,
These *Commagenian* Sooth say's look into
A chicken's breast, the same th'*Armenians* do,
They view the entrailes of a dogge, and reach
Sometimes a child's, they do it and then peach.
But the *Chaldean*'s more believ'd, the things
Th'Astrologer speakes flow from *Jove*'s secret springs;
Since *Delphian* Oracles no more exist;
And man hath lost the Future in a mist.
But th'ofteſt-exile's chiefe, whose scheme foretold
Otho's great Rivall's death, for love and gold.
His art finds faith, that hath had both hands chain'd,
And in the campe a prisoner long remain'd.
No Mathematician a rare man is thought,
But that's condemn'd and unto ruine brought.

That

That scarce got to the *Cyclad's* to be sent,
And not to be in close *Seriphus* pent.
These she consules, when the slow jaundice will
Dispatch her mother; but thy *Tanaquil*
Askes if thou shalt not die before her mother?
And when her sister? and her father's brother?
And if her servant shall her selfe out-live?
For can the Gods a greater blessing give?
Yet knowes not she what *Saturne's* frownes portend,
Nor in what aspect *Venus* smiles befriend,
Nor is so much an Artist as to say
When 'tis a lucky, when a dismall day.
But shun her, in whose hands thou seest so soil'd
An *Ephemerides* as if 'twere oil'd,
That askes not hers, but can thy fortune show.
That if into the field her husband go,
Or, the warres ended, for his country come,
Thrasyllus figures keep her still at home.
Or if she go eight furlongs, th'how'r is took,
For riding of that mile, out of her book:
That will, if her rubb'd eye but itch, indure,
Till her nativity be cast, no cure;
And though she lie sicke, yet will take no meate
Till th'how'r that *Petosiris* bids her eate.
If poore, she to the fortune-teller showes
Her hand and forhead, and a kisse bestowes:

Casts

Casts lots, first hallowing both ends oth' lists.
The *Phrygian* augurs, and *Gymnosophists*
In both the globes versit, the *Patritians* hire,
Or those old Priests that watch heav'ns winged fire.
Plebeian fate the mount and *Circus* bounds.
Bare-neckt, at th'ovall tow'r before the rounds
O.h' *Dolphine* pillars, in her gold-chaine stands
A Prostitute, who answers the demaunds
Of Goody Ale-wife, if she may forsake
Mine Host her husband, and a broker take.
Yet these the child-bed pangs and danger know,
And all a Nurse's labours undergo;
But in a rich-wrought-bed scarce one lyes in,
So prevalent have artes and med'cines bin
That unborne babes destroy. Rejoyce, thou wretch,
And for thy w fe thy selfe the potion fetch,
For should a boy spring in her pregnant wombe
Thou father to an *Æthiop* would'st become;
Straight this black thing pretends to all thou hast:
Ne're to be seene before thou break'st thy fast.
Suppositious children, Bishops pull'd
From the foule lake, I mention not. Joy gull'd,
Religion, honour mockt, whilst false heyres claime
The *Salian* priesthood, and great *Scauran* name.
Sly fortune o're sweet babes does nightly stand,
Which in her bosome warm'd, by slight of hand

She

She into great-men's houses doth convey,
Then laughs in secret at the parts they play:
She is the mother of their second birth,
And brings them forth to be her scene of mirth.
This charmes, *Thessalian* philters sells that witch;
So pow'rfull, she may clap her husbands breech
With his owne slippers: hence thy soule growes blind
And things, but now done, slide out of thy mind.
Yet were this well, would she not screw the thee up
To *Nero*'s unkle's rage, into whose cup
Caesonia did a colt's whole front infuse.
And what the prince his wife does, who'll not use?
All went to wrack in that disjoyned state,
As *Juno* should her *Jove* intoxicate.
'Las *Agrippina*'s gentler mushrome sped
One old-man, and but made his shaking head
And driveling mouth descend to heav'n: This drench
Not vulgar, mixt with noble blood can quench,
Fire, steele, and whipps this calls for. Could one foale
Thus much? what then could she that brew'd the boule?
They do, they may hate bastards, none denies.
But now their sonnes-in-law they sacrifice:
You richer Orphanes, stand upon your guard,
No dainties touch, pale poysons are prepar'd
By your owne mothers, get you tasters; pray,
Let your wise guardians e're you drink take; say.

This

This, sure, we faine! no precedent appeares,
Our newer Satyr lofty buskins weares;
We raunt in *Sophoclean* lines, too high
For our *Italian* hills, and *Latin* skie?
Would we did faine! but *Pontia* did confesse,
My sonnes I would have poyson'd. Vipere sse,
What *two*? at one meale *two*? had I to *sev'n*
Beene mother, I had sent them all to heav'n.
Medea's Progne's trigick scenes we may
Believe and pardon, women durst essay
Things monstrous in those dayes, but not for gaine;
'Tis farre lesse strange, when in an angry veine
Their sexe proves mischievous: when rage, once crost,
Inflames their livers; they are headlong tost
Like stones from *Precipices*, when th'earth slides,
And leaves to the rock-head on mountaine-sides;
But *her* I hate, that reasons and commits
A foule crime, being in her perfect wits.
They looke upon *Alcestis* on the stage,
And see her for her Lord her life ingage.
Were such a change now offer'd to a wife,
She would prefer her little bitches life.
You, *Belides*, and *Eriphyle's* meet;
And *Clitemnestra*, day'y, in each street,
But diff'rene'd thus, th'old *Clitemnestra* held
A foolish gouty axe she scarce could weld,

Now with a red toad's lungs the feate they do,
Yet have their fine stelletto's ready too,
If wary *Agamemnon* shall have got
The thirce-foyl'd Monarch's *Pontick* Antidot.

FINIS.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The first Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 2. Hoarse *Codrus Theseids*) The *Theseids* were Books of Chevalry, containing the valiant acts of *Theseus* of *Athens* writ in Heroick Verse by the Poet *Codrus*, a tedious reader of them, as appeares by his hoarsenesse; and a miserable poore man, as you may see by his Inventory, Satyr 3. verse 237.

Verse 4. *Telephus*) The Tragedy of *Telephus*, who (being dangerously hurt in the left thigh by *Achilles*) had this answer from the Oracle, that there was no hope of his recovery but by receiving a new wound in the same place by the same speare, or to procure the rust thereof, which weapon-salve or magnetick application cured him.

Verse 5. *Orestes*) The Tragedy of *Orestes* sonne of *Agamemnon*, who to revenge his fathers death slew his mother *Clytemnestra*, punishing her sinnes of adultery and murder with his sinne of matricide, for which the furies haunted him.

Verse 8. The Grove of *Mars*) The Grove in *Alba* where the Woolfe gave suck to the two sonnes of *Mars Romulus* and *Rhemus*.

Verse 8. *Vulcan's Grotto*) The sulphurous wombe of the mountaine *Ætna*, where it was believed that *Vulcan* hammered out his Thunder-bolts, making the sparkes flie into the adjacent countries.

Verse 9. The *Æolian* Cliffs) The *Liparene* Rocks,

right against Ætna in the *Tyrrhene* sea, where *Æolus* (supposed God of the winds) first arrived, who afterwards reigned in *Strongyle*, one of the *Liparene* Ilands.

Verse 10. *Æacus* inflicts) one of the three just infernall Judges, whose office was to see justice executed, *Rhadamanthus* being appointed to make the inquest, and *Minos* to pronounce sentence.

Verse 10. What Thiefe) *Jason*, who assisted by *Medea*'s charmes, lay'd the Dragon in a sleep, while he stole the golden Fleece from *Cholcos*.

Verse 12. *Centaures*) *Thessalians*, who being the first Horse-men were fabled by the Poets (or perhaps by the feare of their enemies the *Lapythi*) to be halfe Men halfe Horses, and to cast young Ashes pluckt up by the rootes for Javelins.

Verse 12. *Fronto*) *Julius Fronto*, a noble *Roman*, who in the heate of *August*, when the Poets used to read their workes, accommodated them with shady Walks and marble Galleries.

Verse 15. The Ferula) the triviall exercises of schoole-boyes corrected with the Ferula.

Verse 16. Vaine Hortatives) Rhetoricall Declamations, whose commonest Theme was to advise *Sylla* to lay downe the soveraigne power of his Dictatorship, and to end his dayes in a retired quietnesse.

Verse 21. *Auruncan*) *Lucilius*, the first *Latin* Satyrist, borne at *Aurunca* a Towne built by *Auson* sonne of *Ulysses* and *Calypso*, of whom that part of *Italy* where *Beneventum* and *Cales* stood, was called *Ausonia*.

Verse 23. *Matia*) a *Roman Amazon*, a sir Fencer that on the Stage play'd her Prize against the *Tuscan* Boares, which were the fiercest in *Italy*.

Verse 25. By one) *Cinnamus* the Barber, who was raised to the fortunes of a *Roman* gentleman by the bounty of his Mistris, and afterwards banisht to *Sicily*.

Vers

Verſe 29. *Criſpinus*) *Nero's* freedman, of whoſe advancement, and demeanour therein, read the beginning of the fourth Satyr.

Verſe 29. Purple Cloake) Purple of *Tyre*, a colour worne by the *Roman* Gentry and Nobility.

Verſe 38. *Matho*) One that of a poore Lawyer (by the favour of *Domitian Cæſar*) was become a rich Informer.

Verſe 38. The man) *Ægnatius Celer* the Stoick, who accuſed his Pupil *Bareas* as you may ſee in the third Satyr, verſe 139.

Verſe 41. *Maſſa*) *Maſſa*, *Carus*, and *Latinus*, were Stage-players, and Informers to *Domitian*, but all of them poore rogues in compariſon of *Ægnatius*, as you may ſee by *Latinus* his ſerious part acted at Court, which was to preſent his owne Wife *Thymele* for a bribe to the Stoick.

Verſe 46. A poore ounce) The Inheritance by the Civill Law, is divided into twelve parts called ounces, the abſolute Heyre to all is called *hares ex aſſe*, the firſt named in the Will *Hares prima cera*, a Legatee *hares in ima cera*.

Verſe 52. in *Lions*) *Cæſar Caligula* inſtituted certaine exerciſes at *Lions* in *France*, where the beſt Orator had a royall Donative, which the vanquiſhed were to preſent him or elſe to eate their owne Orations, or in default of ſuch obedience to be drowned.

Verſe 58. Th'exile *Marius* Quaffes from two) *Marius Priſcus* Proconſul of *Affrica* being complained againſt by the *Affricans* for his extortion and plaine plundering of them in his government (for he ſtript them almoſt to their very ſhirts) was for his ſaid inſufferable miſdemeanours baniſhed *Italy*, and fined at 7000 Seſtercii to be paid into the Exchequer. The poore Province, having this ſentence paſſed in their behalfe, received no benefit by it; but the condition of *Marius* was much bet-

tered, who went away with a vaſt ſumme of their mony, and in his baniſhment (according to the cuſtome of the barbarous Nations) began his riotous feaſting early yes, drinking from the eighth houre, that is, from our two a clock in the afternoone, which was the houre wherein at *Rome* he uſed onely to goe into his Bath to prepare his body for a ſupper.

Verſe 63. *Diomed*) The Romance of *Diomed* is, that it was his fortune in a Duell with *Æneas* to wound *Venus*, who was come to aſſiſt her ſonne: in revenge whereof *Venus* cauſed *Ægialia Diomed*'s Wife to fall in love with *Sthenelus*, who laying an ambuſh for her Husband as he returned from the Siege of *Troy* routed him, his men flying to the Sea, where they found wings, being transformed into Birds.

Verſe 63. *Hercules*) The ſonne of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, upon whom the twelve famous labours were impoſed by his cruell Stepmother *Juno*.

Verſe 64. The *Minotaur*) Halfe Man halfe Bull, the monſtrous birth of King *Minos* his Queene *Paſiphae*, who tooke the Bull in a cowe of wood made by the art of *Dedalus*.

Verſe 64. The boy that in the Seas) *Icarus* who fell headlong (his waxen wings being melted with his ambitious flight) and was drowned in the Sea.

Verſe 65. The man of Art) *Dedalus*, who (being with his ſonne *Icarus* impriſoned by *Minos* of *Creet* in the ſame Labonnth where the *Minotaur* was) invented wings for his owne and his ſonne's eſcape, and lighted at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where he put off his feathers, as you may read in the third Satyr, verſe 30.

Verſe 66. The law denyes) Adultereſſes were by *Domitian* made uncapable of inheritance, and of uſing cloſe Chayres or Sedans.

Verſe 70. Awaking noſe) The Pimpe (perhaps *Latinus*)

pinus) making as if he ſnored while *Ægnatius* kiſt his Wife.

Verſe 71. He ſtands) *Fuſcus*, who having ſpent all the Eſtate left him by his noble Anceſtors in horſe-races, and Charriot-matches made ſuit to have a Regiment or Cohort, which contained three Maniples, every Maniple two Centuries, every Century one hundred men.

Verſe 74. In the *Flaminian* way) A high-way from *Rome*, where they uſed to ride their Coach-matches, and by the ſides whereof were placed divers urnes and monuments of the *Romans*.

Verſe 76. The Boy *Automedon*) *Automedon* was Coach-man to *Achilles*, and when *Fuſcus* was but the boy *Automedon*, before he was able to drive a Chariot, yet to ſhow his love to that art, of which the Ladyes were ſo inamoured, he would hold the reines and diſcourſe to his Miſtris in the Coach.

Verſe 80. Forger of the will) *Tigellinus*, one of *Domitian's* favourite informers, who poyſoned three of his Uncles (as you ſhall read in the end of this Satyr) and forged Wills wherein he made himſelfe Heyre to them all.

Verſe 83. *Mecænas* like) *Mecænas* was ſo great a Patron to the Poets, that now his very name ſignifies a favourer of learning, and (as it appears by this alluſion) it may likewiſe ſignifie a true voluptuary.

Verſe 87. *Locuſta*) A woman ſo expert in the art of impoyſoning, that being chid by *Nero* for dealing gently with *Britanicus*, ſhe gave him a doſe, that killed him at Supper, before the Boule wherein he drank it was taken from his hand.

Verſe 89. *Gyarus*) One of the nartoweſt of the *Cyclades* Iſlands, in the *Ægean* Sea, to which the *Romans* uſed to baniſh their greateſt Delinquents.

Verſe 94. *Prætextati*) The young Nobility of *Rome*,

so called of the Prætexta (or gowne imbrodered about with gardes of purple silke) whereof untill they were divested they could not be arreigned by law.

Verse 96. *Glaucenus*) an unlearned Poët, contemporary with the Authour.

Verse 97. E're since *Deucalion*) Ever since the beginning of the world after *Deucalion*'s Flood, when landing on the top of the mountaine *Parnassus* his wife *Pyrrha* was advised by the Oracle of *Themis* to cast stones over her shoulder for the restoring of mankind.

Verse 111. *Villa's*) Country-houses.

Verse 113. A little Basket) This Sportula or little Basket sometimes contained onely mony, as in this place, and then the Patron was at the cost of one hundred farthings to entertaine his Clyents and sometimes the Sportula was enlarged into a pannier wherein there was meat for a hundred Clients, as you may read in the third Satyr, verse 289.

Verse 117. Our ancient *Trojans*) The old *Romans* derived their Pedigrees from *Trojan Æneas*.

Verse 119. The Prætor) An Officer in the nature of our Lord chiefe Justice.

Verse 119. The Tribune) The Tribunes of the People from the number of two in their first institution, afterwards increased to ten, they were much like to our House of Commons; they sate at the doore of the Senate, they were the grand Jury to informe the Lords, no Act could passe unlesse they subscribed it with a *T*, but they themselves had not authority to make an Act, notwithstadding in processe of time they usurped such a power.

Verse 120. The freedman's first) These are the words of *Crispinus*, or of some other freed-man borne either in *Cappadocia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Assyria*, or *Arabia*, for the River of *Euphrates* runs through all those Countries.

Verse

Verse 125. To make a Gentleman) Foure hundred *Sestertia* or 3125 l. or thereabout, was the *census equestris*, or estate of a Gentleman of *Rome*, a freed-man that had so much might challenge all the priviledges belonging to the Gentry, and a Gentleman that had lesse, could not legally so much as sit on the Benches and Cushions in the *Circus* or great Show-place, as you see in the third Satyr, verse 183.

Verse 126. *Corvinus*) A Gentleman of the Noble Family of th *Corvini* gowne so extreamly poore, that he was inforced to be a Shepherd's man neere to the Towne of *Laurentum* in his owne native Climate.

Verse 128. *Pallas*) The wealthy freed-man of *Claudius Cæsar*.

Verse 129. The *Licini*) *Licinus* (freed-man to *Augustus*) having *Gallia* given him for his Province extorted an infinite masse of money out of the *French*. It seemes there were more rich freed-men of that name.

Verse 137. Concord that so creakes) There was a Storkes nest in the Temple of *Concord*, where still when the old bird returned to feed her young ones, they opened their harsh ill-sounding throates to entertaine her.

Verse 140. Their Clients) The Clients had relation to some of the Nobility as their Patrons. The Patron was obliged in honour to protect his Client; the Client, besides his attendance in publik, was bound by law to contribute towards their Patrons Assessements, and the Marriages of his Daughters, and if any Client was proved to be unfaithfull to his Patron, to informe, depose, or give his vote against him, or for his enemy, he was for such Treason devoted to the infernall Gods, or accursed by the Priest, and out-law'd by the Judge, so that it was lawfull for any man to kill him.

Verse 150. The *Forum*) Where the Hall and Courts of Justice were, whether the Client waited upon his Patron.

Verse

Verse 150. Councellour *Apollo*) Neere to whose Temple the Judges sate.

Verse 152. Th' *Ægyptian* or th' *Arabarch*) among the Monuments of the noble *Romans* was placed the Statue of the aforenamed *Canopian* slave *Crossimus* inscribed *Arabarch* or Prince of the *Arabians*.

Verse 156. For a Supper) The Supper anciently bestowed upon the Clients was called a plaine Supper, or *Canarella*, to distinguish it from their Patrons, *Cana dubia*, or doubtfull supper, where was such choice of dishes as made the Guest a skeptick at his meat, doubting where to begin.

Verse 167. Whole Boares) The first that brought up this fashion of having Boares served whole to the table was *P Servilius Rullus*.

Verse 170. Crude Peacock) The Peacocks flesh (if we beleeve the authority of Saint *Augustine*) putrefieth not at all, no marvell therefore if it were raw upon the glutton's stomach when he went into his bath againe to prepare himselfe for another meale. *Hortensius* the Augur first brought Peacock in estimation at the *Roman* feasts.

Verse 173. Their angry friends) They could not chuse but be vext at the losse of the Legacyes they might have had, if their friends gluttony had suffered them to make their wills.

Verse 182. *Matius*) A poore knave, persecuted by *Lucilius* in his Satyrs.

Verse 183. *Tigellinus*) A Favourite to the Emperour *Domitian*, that made himselfe heyre to three of his Uncles by forging of their Wills as aforesaid.

Verse 185. Like those) Christians, of whose bodies *Nero* made bonefires, using them as he had done *Rome*, whose setting on fire he charged them withall.

Verse 192. *Turnus*) The Generall of the *Rutilians*, who

who fought a ſingle Combate with *Æneas*, and was inraged with his owne Patronesſe *Juno* becauſe ſhe tooke him away, and would not ſuffer him to make an end.

Verſe 193. *Achilles* ſlaine hurts no one) who before *Paris* ſhot him in the heele was ſo terrible to th *Trojans*, and ſo vexatious even to *Agamemnon* himſelfe.

Verſe 193. *Hylas*) A delicate Boy favourite to *Hercules*, who ſending him to fetch freſh water from the river *Aſcanius*, the poore Boy's pitcher broke into the ſtreame, and drew him after it, where he was drowned.

Verſe 202. *Latin* and *Flaminian* way) High wayes neere *Rome* full of Monuments of the deceaſed as aforeſaid.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The second Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 1. *Sarmatia*) A vast tract of the earth anciently called *Scythia*, part in *Europe* and part in *Asia*, it contained *Poland*, *Russia*, *Muscovia*, and *Tartary*; the *Sarmatians* (or as *Juvenal* calls them, the *Sauromatians*) being in his time held to be the farthest people Northward, as the *Garamantes* were esteemed the farthest Southward.

Verse 1. Frozen Sea) The North Sea, where the *Hollanders* have discovered *Nova Zembla*.

Verse 4. *Curii*) *Marcus Curius* (one of the temperate Family of the *Curii*) triumphed over the *Sabines*, *Samnites*, and *Lucanians*, and beate *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*. To instance how great his moderation was, when Embassadours from the *Samnites* found his Table covered by the fire side furnished with earthen dishes, and himselfe roasting rootes for his supper, and offered him (being in that poore condition) a great summe of money, he refused it, assuring them that he had rather still eate in Earth, and command them that were served in Gold.

Verse. 4. *Bacchanals*) The assembly at the *Bacchanals*, or those barbarous feasts of *Bacchus*, where it was death to be vertuous, they that refused to sacrifice to lust, being themselves made sacrifices to fury.

Verse 5. *Chrysippus*) Scholler to the Stoicks *Zeno* and *Cleanthes*, so great a Logician that it grew into a Proverb, *if the Gods would study Logick, they would read* Chrysippus.

Verse

Verse 7. *Pittacus*) One of the seven Sages of *Greece*, who having seven yeares beene absolute Governour of his country *Mithylene*, willingly resigned his Authority.

Verse 8. *Aristotle*) Prince of Philosophers, Tutour to *Alexander* the great.

Verse 9. *Cleanthes*) A famous Stoick, who was so poore when he went to schoole to *Zeno*, that necessity inforced him to worke by night, to keep himselfe from hunger and scorne in the day time.

Verse 14. *Socraticke* Catamite) *Socrates* Tutour to *Alcibiades* did not onely read vertue to his Pupil, but was shrowdly suspected to have practised vice with him.

Verse 21. *Perebonius*) The *Archigallus*, or chiefe Priest of the *Phrygian* Goddesse *Cybele*, who uttered his wanton discourses publikely at the table, where he showed his cunning pallat, as you shall have it in his description in this Satyr, verse 135.

Verse 27. *Hercules*) The Author refers to the Dialogue where *Zenophon* brings in Vertue and Vice arguing with *Hercules*, who confutes this Monster with Arguments, as he had done others with his Club.

Verse 29. *Varillus*) An infamous poore Man, who is censured by *Sextus* a wicked rich Man.

Verse 33. *Gracchi*) *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus*, those two seditious Tribunes of the people (sonnes to that excellent patterne of modesty *Cornelia*) both slaine in the commotions which they themselves had raised in the State of *Rome*.

Verse 35. *Milo*) A murderer, though eloquently excused and acquitted by *Cicero*, that in another of his Orations made *Verres* famous for his theft, who robbed not one man, not one City, but his whole Province of *Sicily*.

Verse 36. *Clodius*) That impudent and sacrilegious adulterer, who came disguised like a singing-woman to meet

met *Cæsars* Wife at the solemnities of the Goddesse *Bona*, where it was not lawfull for any but women to be present. See the sixth Satyr, He married his owne Neece, injoyed three Sisters, and corrupted *Metella* the daughter of that religious *Pontifex Maximus* who lost his eyes with his zealous care to preserve the *Palladium* or wooden Image of *Minerva*, when her Temple was on fire.

Verse 37. *Catiline*) *Salust* writes the History of *Catiline* at large, who conspired against the Republick with *Lentulus Cethegus*, &c.

Verse 38. *Sylla's* three scholars) The *Triumviri*, *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, who made an Association, imitating *Sylla's* bloudy acts of Proscription wherein so many of the *Roman* Nobility and Gentry were marked out for slaughter.

Verse 39. One contriv'd) *Domitian Cæsar*, who kept his Niece *Julia* (the daughter of his noble Brother *Titus*) and inforced her to take so many receipts to make her part with her conception, that at last what was meant to preserve destroyed her.

Verse 40. That bitter Law) The *Julian* Law, by which Adultery was made death, preferred by *Julius Cæsar*, and revived by *Domitian*, whil'st he himselfe lived in incest with his Neece; a Law not onely terrible to Men, but that would have affrighted a God and a Goddesse, if *Vulcan* might have pleaded it, when he tooke *Mars* and *Venus* in his Net.

Verse 45. *Scauri*) *Marcus Scaurus* was thrice Prince of the Senate and twice Censor, so that he might by his place correct abuses in manners.

Verse 48. *Laronia*) A rich wanton Lady of *Rome*, who tels this rigid Philosopher, that *Cato* the Censor by his office, and his Nephew the Censor by his exemplary life, being both laid in the earth, *it seemes there is a third*

Cato

Cato *came from Heaven*; meaning this censorious Stoick; by the by, she takes notice that he weares a perfume, and askes where he had it, that she might buy at the same shop, it being as proper for her soft sex, as contrary to his severe profession.

Verse 54. The Law *Scantinian*) C. *Scantinius* being accused by C. *Marcellus* for offering to ravish his Sonnes a Law passed in Senate, that set a fine of 10000 *HS* upon the like attempt, and in default of payment made it death.

Verse 66. *Arachne*) A mayde of *Lidia*, that challenged *Pallas* to weave with her, for which presumption, the victorious Goddesse transformed her into a Spider, that is still weaving to no purpose.

Verse 67. *Penelope*) The chast wife of *Ulysses*, who, to put off her Suitors (that grew importunate in the long absence of her Husband at the Siege of *Troy*) promised them, that when she had finished a piece then in the loome, she would resolve upon a second Marriage, and present it to him she would make choice of; but she unwove by night what by day she had woven, till her Husband's returne decided the controversie.

Verse 80. *Procula*) *Procula*, *Pollinea*, *Fabulla*, *Carfinia*, were the names of *Roman* Curtizans.

Verse 87. Our victorious Fathers) The old *Romans*, whose richest apparrell was their wounds, their strongest Fortifications the Mountaines, and their healthfullest exercise the Plough; with what indignation would they have beheld the more than strumpet-like impudence of these sarsenet Judges.

Verse 93. *Cretan Master*) The just Judge *Minos* was a *Cretan*.

Verse 101. One of those Priests) Which gave out that they sacrificed to the *Roman* Goddesse *Bona*, when indeed they used quite contrary ceremonies, for there men were

were forbid to come, here no woman was admitted, there they were called by the ſound of a Corner, here by the ſilent liſting up of a torch: in this they agreed that a young Sow was ſacrificed by both; which was a victim likewiſe offered to the *Athenian* Goddeſſe *Corytto* by the *Baptiſts*, the very parallels to theſe effeminate Seperatiſts.

Verſe 118. His Maſter's *Iuno*) A man uſed to make proteſtation by his *Genius*, a woman by her *Iuno*.

Verſe 119. *Otho*) The effeminate ſucceſſour to the Emperour *Galba*.

Verſe 120. *Actor Aruncus* (ſpoiles) A maſſy Speare that *Turnus* in *Virgil* wonne in fight from the great Souldier *Actor Aruncus*, which was not greater for a Speare then *Otho*'s Trophie was for a Looking-glaſſe.

Verſe 128. *Galba*'s death) *Galba* being a very old man, was ſlaine in *Rome* by his owne tumultuary Souldiers at the inſtigation of *Otho*.

Verſe 129. I'th' *Bebriacke* Field) Where *Otho* was overthrowne by *Vitellius*.

Verſe 131. *Semiramis*) That manly ſpirited Queene of *Aſſyria*, in the day of battaile when ſhe put on her Armes, painted not her ſelfe as *Otho* did, though ſhe was ſo luſtfull as to make love to a Horſe.

Verſe 133. *Cleopatra*) Who at the Battaile of *Actium* had reaſon to make her ſelfe handſome, when *Marc. Anthony* ventured halfe the world to fight for her.

Verſe 135 Here's lewd diſcourſe) Betwixt *Perſonius* and his ſchollers that imitated him in all things but the uſing of *Phrygian* Razours, *viz.*: Fiſh-ſhels to geld themſelves withall.

Verſe 144. For *Gracchus* Dower) A Gentleman (or rather a Prodigy) of that noble Family of the *Gracchi* marryed himſelfe as a Bride to a Trumpeter, and brought him for a Dower or Portion 400 *Seſtertia*, (that is) about

bout 3125 being the *census equestris*, or legall Estate of a Gentleman of *Rome*.

Verse 147. *Censour*) Who was inabled by his office to punish faults of manners even in the Nobility.

Verse 148. *Aruspex*) A Priest that foretold things to come by beholding the entrailes of sacrificed Beasts, part of whose duty was to purge the place which had beene contaminated with any monstrous birth.

Verse 150. A Cow calve a Lambe) here *calve* is the proper action of the Cow in bringing forth a Lambe; but in the precedent verse, *damme* is the denomination which the woman receives after she hath brought forth a *Calfe*, I explaine herein, lest my Reader referring both words to the same action, I might be thought to transgresse against the rules of proportion.

Verse 151. The sacred Shields th'*Ancilia*) The *Ancile* was a brazen Sheild round at both ends, and halfe-moon'd at the sides, which in *Numa's* reigne (when miracles were frequent at *Rome*) fell downe from Heaven at the ceasing of the plague, a voice being heard (out of the cloud from whence it dropt) that promised health to *Rome* so long as that *Ancile* should be kept safe, whereupon *Mamurius* was commanded by *Numa* to make eleven more such Sheilds, which he did, and made them all so like the first, as they were indistinguishable, these twelve *Ancilia* were delivered to the custody of twelve Priests of *Mars* (one of whose Colledge this *Gracchus* was, before he was married to the Trumpeter) called *Salian* or dancing Priests, because their custome was to dance when they carryed the *Ancilia*.

Verse 155. *Rome's* Father) *Mars*, stiled father of *Rome* by consequence, as being Father of the Founder of *Rome*, *Romulus*, who was bred among the Shepherds, and whose Posterity in his right are here named *Latian* Shepherds, and his Pallace is called the old sheep-coat, Sat. 6.

Verse 162. Those dreadfull Fields) *Campus Martius*, a large circuit of ground neere the River of *Tiber* bestowed on the people of *Rome* by *Caia Tarratia* a *Vestall virgin*, and taken from them by *Tarquinius Superbus* for his owne use; but after his expulsion restored againe to the first purpose, for which it was dedicated to *Mars*, to exercise the *Roman Militia*, and to be (as *Strabo* calls it) *Romes* great Schoole of Warre.

Verse 164. *Quirinus* valley) The valley of *Romulus*, who after he was Deified, was called, and pray'd to by the name of *Quirinus*.

Verse 173. Swolne *Lide*'s salve-box) A charme against barrenneſſe, worne by the superstitious *Roman* women, and sold by those quack-salving gossips of *Lidia*. About the understanding of this word *Lide* there have beene great controversies amongst the Criticks; *Junius* will have *Lide* to be the *Lidian* mayd *Arachne*, and so to signifie a Spider, which (the Naturalists say) if it be worne about a woman, will make her fruitfull; *Politianus* will have *Lide* to signifie one of those *Lidian* women that went about *Rome* to sell Receipts to the Ladyes. Now doe but suppose this Spider of *Junius*, to be put in *Politians* salve-box, & to feed upon the unguent that imbalmed the inside thereof (as those Spiders do that at this day are worne in baggs or walnut-shells against a Tertian Ague) and then either interpretation of *Lide* may stand good, and so the Spider may be sold for a charme against barrenneſſe by the *Lidian* women, that should best know her nature who was their country-woman, and consequently the two Criticks are reconciled, without the learned scruple, that if *Lide* had signified a Spider, *condita* must then have beene the nominative case, and so the verse have wanted the true quantities. And thus much shall suffice for criticisimes of Interpreters.

Verse 174. Th'active *Luperci*) Two young Gentlemen,

men, which at the *Lupercals*, or feast of *Pan* had their fore-heads smeered with the bloud of a sacrificed Goats, which was presently dryed up againe in their woolll dipped in their milke, then they cut the Goats skins into thongs, and ran (as far as modestly suffered) naked through the streets, striking whomsoever they met of either sex. The barren women standing purposely in their way, in hope to be made fruitfull by their blowes.

Verse 175. More monstrous) Another of that great House of the *Gracchi*; who turned a common Fencer, and came upon the Stage in a blew coate, as a *Retiarius*, or Net-beater, so named from a kind of loose Net, which he carryed in his hand ayming to cast it about the head of the *Secutor*, or pursuer, who played against him, and prest upon him with a Sword and Target; the *Retiarius*, if he missed his draught, still flying till he could recover and put his Net into a posture of offence: in the meane time defending himselfe with a three-forked Speare.

Verse 178. *Capitolin race*) The posterity of *Marcus Manlius* surnamed *Capitolinus*, because he advised to man the *Capitoll* after the enemy had taken *Rome*.

Verse 179. *Marcelli*) *Marc. Marcellus* in a single combate slew the Generall of the *Gaules*, tooke *Syracusa* in *Sicily*, was five times Consul, and at last petrified by one of *Hanibal's* stratagems: another *Marcellus* first made *Rome* understand that *Hanibal* was not invincible.

Verse 179. *Catuli*) *Q. Lutatius Catulus* (who ennobled this House of the *Catuli*) with a Fleet of three hundred *Roman* Ships, had the day of six hundred Saile of *Carthaginians*, and put an end to the first *Punick* warre.

Verse 179. The *Fabian* name) Of which name three hundred and six, under the conduct of the Consul *Fabius* were all slaine together, by an Ambush layd by the *Vesans* at the River of *Cremera*.

Verse 180. From *Paulus*) *Paulus Æmilius* the Con-

ſul ſlaine at the fatall battell at *Canna* in *Apulia*.

Verſe 182. Not hating him) The Tribune, that hired this *Gracchus* to venture his life thus ignobly upon a Stage.

Verſe 184. The *Stygian* Sound) The River of *Styx* over which *Charon* (with the Oare here mentioned) ferries millions of Soules together at one Fare.

Verſe 186. Pay not for their Bath) No Boyes at *Rome* were exempted from paying for their Bath, but ſuch as were not foure yeares old, and it appeares that none but ſuch did believe in the puniſhment of Soules in the next world.

Verſe 187. *Camillus*) *Furius Camillus*, who conquered the *Faliſci*, overthrew the *Gaules*, and was of ſo knowne an integrity, that he was choſen Dictatour in his abſence.

Verſe 188. *Fabricius*) Read his nobler character in *Valerius Maximus*.

Verſe 188. *Curius*) Of whom in the beginning of this Satyr.

Verſe 188. Both the *Scipios*) Theſe two thunderbolts that from their victories in *Aſia* and *Africa*, bore the Surnames of *Aſian* and *African*.

Verſe 189. The Legion) The three hundred and ſix *Fabians* aforementioned.

Verſe 190. The Youth at *Canna*) The flower of all the *Roman* Militia, upon whom the *Carthaginians* at the battaile of *Canna* did execution ſo long, till *Hanibal* himſelfe cryed out, *Souldiers no more blood*.

Verſe 193. Purifie themſelves) The *Aruſpex* when he purified a place defiled with monſters uſed a Torch and Sulphure with water, and a Laurell ſprinkle.

Verſe 197. Th'*Orcades*) *Claudius Caſar* added the Iſlands of the *Orcades* to the *Roman* Empire.

Verſe 200. *Zalates*) One of the *Armenian* Children ſent

sent hostage to *Rome*, and there debauched by the Tribune, who had the cuttody and breeding of him.

Verse 207. *Artaxata*) A City in *Armenia* neere the River of *Araxes*.

Verse 208. Prætextati) The young *Roman* Nobility so called from the Prætexta or Robe which they wore, imbroydered with purple silke.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The third Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 2. Empty *Cuma*) A City in *Campania* the most ancient of all the Townes in *Sicily* and *Italy*, situated neere the Sea shore in the way to *Baia*, where the hot Bathes were; it was built by *Hypocles Cumanus*, and gave the Title to *Sybilla Cumæa*, who had her Chappell there.

Verse 5. *Prochytæ*) A solitary Island upon the Coast of *Campania*.

Verse 6. *Suburra*) The faireſt and moſt frequented ſtreet in *Rome*.

Verse 10. Poëts that in *Auguſt* read) The *Romans* uſed ſtill to go into the Country in the heare of Summer, yet even in *Auguſt*, when the Towne was thinneſt, one could not walke the Streets but he ſhould meet Poets, that would importune him to heare them read, although the hot ayre and their frozen verſes were enough to kill him.

Verse 12. Moiſt *Capena*) The Aqua-ducts, or Pipes that conveyed the water that ſerved *Rome*, paſſed over the old Arches at the Port *Capena* in the *Appian* way, where the Proconſuls uſed to be ſworne.

Verse 12. *Numa* and his Goddeſſe) It was believed, that King *Numa* and the Nymph *Egeria* met at theſe Arches in the night, and that ſhe there adviſed him in thoſe Rites and Ceremonies of the Gods which he eſtabliſhed among the *Romans*: neere to this place lay the valley of *Egeria*

Egeria, wherein there was a Grove consecrated by *Numa* to the Muses the Assistants of this Goddesse, and a Temple dedicated to her, all which ground and buildings were now let out by the people of *Rome* to the poore *Jewes* that got up their rent with begging.

Verse 25. *Umbricius*) Who this *Umbricius* was that speakes the rest of this Satyr I find not, more then his present Character discovers; that is, an honest, and therefore a poore *Roman*. Certainely if it had beene that *Umbricius* the *Aruspex* which *Pliny* sayes was so excellent at divination, and who, as *Tacitus* writes, foretold the murder of *Galba*, his art would have beene able to have maintained him in *Rome*.

Verse 30. Where *Dadalus*) *Cuma* must needs be a delicate sweet Seate, which was made choice of by *Dadalus*, who flying viewed the whole world (if we believe the Poets) or that (if we unweave their Fables) made discoveries of the world by Sea with his winged Sailes, and at *Cuma* furled them, bidding farewell to the Ocean.

Verse 32. Whilst my haire is gray) Before it turne white.

Verse 33. *Lachesis*) That fatall sister that spinnes the thread of life, *Clotho* holding the distaffe, and *Atropos* cutting it off.

Verse 36. *Arthurius* and *Catulus*) Once poore Rogues, now Officers, that make use of their authority to monopolise all beneficiall places and good bargaines.

Verse 40. The commanding Speare) At the Auction or publike sale of any mans personall estate (part whereof his slaves were) It was the custome of *Rome* to stick up a Speare to give notice to the Towne, an Affix or bill of the goods being posted for the buyers to read, the Cryer sitting under the Speare with his merchandise, and crying, who gives most? and some Officers (some *Arthurius* or *Catulus*) standing by for vouchers.

Verse 43. With reverst thumbs) When there was any Sword-play, or fighting on the Stage, it was in the power of the people if a Fencer were in danger of his life to compell him to fight it out, though he dyed for it, by pressing downe their thumbs, or by bending them back, to discharge him. It seemes *Auburtus* and *Catulus* had the leading thumbs.

Verse 54. Todes entrailes) The cunning'st *Aruspex* at divining by the entrailes of a Toade was *Locusta*, and much employed therein by *Nero*'s mother *Agrippina*.

Verse 65. Rich *Tagus*) A River in *Lusitania*, whose sands have a mixture of gold.

Verse 71. This *Greek* Towne) Meaning *Rome*, where the vices of the *Greekes* (expresst in their very Language) were in fash on w th men and women; as you may read Satyr 6. verse 209.

Dost cry ζωὴ ψυχὴ, and use nh' crowd
Those words the bed-cloths but ev'n now did shrowd.

Verse 73. *Orontes*) A River in *Syria* (anciently named *Typhon*) that ranne by the City of *Antioch* as *Tiber* by *Rome*.

Verse 76. *Circus*) The great show-place neere Mount *Aventine*, where the *Romans* beheld the playing of Prizes by the Fencer, the baiting and chasing of wild Beasts, riding of great horses &c. *Tarquinius Priscus* made Galleries about it that would containe 150000 Persons; underneath were Cellers and Vaults where the Gallants after the publike sports were ended, had their choice of wenches of all Countries.

Verse 79. Our pointed Clowne) It was the custome of the meaneſt sort of *Roman* Fencers to have their necks pointed with a kind of artificiall clay made of oyle and earth; but the *Greeke* peasants though farre meanlyer born (as being subject to these) despised their low thoughts of

of honour wonne by Sword-play, and poore wyues of getting mony by th'Almes-basket.

Verse 81. *Andros*) *Andros* is one of the Islands of the *Cyclades*; *Samos* is an Isle in the *Ionian* Sea: *Amydon* a City of *Paonia*: *Trallis* a Towne of *Asia*: *Alabanda* a City of *Asia* Minor: *Sicyon* an Island in the *Ægean* Sea.

Verse 83. Th'*Esquilian* Mount) (Or *Esquiline* Mount if you like this epithet better, for I contest not about words) is one of *Romes* seven Hills, where divers noble *Romans* had their Houses, as you may see in the complaint made by the upbraided Client, Sat. 5. verse 89.

Verse 84. The wickers) Another of the seven Hills took the name of *Mon. Viminius* from the Oziers or Wicker twiggs growing upon it, and gave a name to *Jupiter*, who was called *Viminius* from the Altars there erected to his honour.

Verse 88. *Isæus*) An Orator of a most fluent tongue Tutour to the eloquent *Demosthenes*.

Verse 95. Was he not) *Dædalus*.

Verse 100. *Syrian* Figgs) These and Sea-coale were wafted to the coast of *Italy* by the same wind that brought in the *Greeks*, and to the same purpose, both the Figgs, Sea-coale, and *Greeks* coming thither to be sold.

Verse 102. *Sabine*) The *Sabines* were Neighbours to the *Romans* at the foundation of *Rome*, and furnished them with Wifes though against their wills, for the *Sabine* Women were caught by a stratagem of *Romulus* who invited them to the *Consualia*, or games celebrated in honour of *Neptune*.

Verse 106. *Antæus*) A Gyant, one of the sonnes of the Earth, and it concerned *Hercules* when they wrestled together to hold him in the ayre, because he recovered his strength as often as he touched his mother the Earth.

Verse 111. *Dorâ*) A sea Nymph, whose part the *Greeke* Players acted, as her Picture was drawne naked.

Verse

Verse 112. *Thais*) A Courtezan.

Verse 115. *Demetrius*) *Demetrius, Antiochus, Stratocles*, and *Hemus* were *Gracian* Actors that set up at *Rome*.

Verse 137. *Gymnasium*) The Philosophy schoole.

Verse 139. *Bareas*) *Bareas Soranus* was put to death in *Nero's* reigne upon the accusation of his Tutour *P. Egnatius*, but a just judgment overtook this impious Schoolemaster; for he himselfe in the reign of *Vespasian* was condemned and executed upon the information of *Musonius Rufus*.

Verse 142. Where from) *Tarsus*, a City in *Cilicia*, where *Egnatius* was borne, and where a feather moulting from the wing of *Bellerophon's* Horse *Pegasus* he fell and sprained his Fetlock, whence the City tooke the name of *Ταρσὸς*.

Verse 144. *Erimanthus*) *Erimantius, Protogenes*, and *Diphilus* were the names of *Gracians*, that were Tutours to the Children of *Romans*.

Verse 158. Lictor) The Lictors were in their first institution Serjeants that went before the Prætor or Lord Chiefe Justice of *Rome* carrying in their hands a bundle of Rods with an Axe in the middle, to signifie the different punishments of great and petty offenders.

Verse 155. His Collegue) His fellow in office, the other Prætor.

Verse 156. *Modia*) She and *Albina* were rich childlesse women, which were courted by the Nobility and sent unto before day to know how they had slept, in as servile a way, as the Nobility were bid good morrow by their Clients.

Verse 160. The Tribune) A Field-officer in the nature of our Serjeant Major Generall. There were likewise another sort of Tribunes in the Armie called *Tribuni Rufuli* or *Suffecti*, that were a kind of Commitee, having Consular

Consular power appointed by the protectors of the Commons or Tribunes of the people, and authorized by the Lords in Senate.

Verse 160. Legion) A just Legion consisted of 6000 men.

Verse 161. *Catiena*) She, *Calvina*, and *Chio* were rich Courtezans.

Verse 166. *Cybel*'s host) *Scipio Nasica*, whose House for the Masters integrity was made choice of by the Senate to entertaine the Image of the *Phrygian Cybele* Mother of the Gods, untill a Temple could be built for her at *Rome*.

Verse 166. *Numa*) The second King of *Rome*, Author of the Rites and Ceremonies of their Gods.

Verse 167. Savd frighted *Pallas*) *Lucius Metellus* the *Pontifex Maximus*, that when the Temple of *Pallas* was on fire rescued her *Palladium* or wooden Image with the losse of his eyes, rather choosing to venture his owne life, then to let *Rome* be in danger as *Troy* was, to be lost for want of the *Palladium*.

Verse 174. *Samothraciani*) The Gods *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c. were brought to *Rome* from *Samothracia*. *Mars* and *Romulus* were Deities peculiar to the *Romans*.

Verse 188. Vaine *Otho*) *L. Roscius Otho* Tribune of the people preferred a Law, that there should be fourteene Benches set a-part at every Stage or Theater onely for such *Romans* whose Estates amounted to 400 *HS.* or *Sestertia*, that is, about 3125*l* Sterling, which was (as the Peet notes in his first Satyr, verse 125) the summe that made a Gentleman, at least at the Theater, for he that had lesse and sate upon these Benches was punishable by the *Roscian* Law.

Verse 191. Ædiles) The Ædiles were primitively Officers that had the charge to see Houses belonging to the

the City kept in reparation, as also Temples; these were called Ædiles Curules, from the Chariot they rode in, and were constantly chosen out of the Patricians or Nobility. But another sort of Ædiles (which are those here spoken of) were chosen out of the Plebeians or Commons. And had besides the former Authority the charge of Aquaducts or publike Conduits, with power to examine weights and measures, and to force the Seller to take againe his sophisticated wares. The Patrician Ædiles governed one yeare, the Plebeian Ædiles the next, and so still by turnes.

Verse 198. *Marsians*) A poore people of *Apulia* in *Italy*.

Verse 199. *Sabellian* food) Such hard fare as the *Samnites* were accustomed to, a people dwelling upon the mountaine betwixt the *Sabines* and the *Marsians* conquered by *Marcus Curius* the Dictator.

Verse 206. The pale gaping thing) The foole in a Play with his vizard on.

Verse 215. What wilt thou give) *viz.* to my Lord *Cossus* his Chamber-keepers.

Verse 216. *Vetusto*) *Fabricius Vetusto* was a Lord of the Senate, so proud of his honour and excessive wealth, that he would hardly vouchsafe to speake to any inferior person, but his Wife *Hippia* was not of his mind, for the left him and ran away with a Fencer, Satyr 6. verse 86.

Verse 221. *Praeneste*) A Towne in the heart of *Italy* now called *Palastrina*.

Verse 223. The *Volscian* Cliffs) In *Latium* upon the *Campanian* Sea coast.

Verse 224. *Gabians*) A Towne of the *Volscians* at this day called *Gallicano* or *Zaggarolo*.

Verse 224. *Tibur*) A City of the *Sabines* in *Latium*, now *Tivoli*, nineteene miles from *Rome* upon the River *Anio*, where there was a strong Fort, that notwithstanding looked as if it were falling downe.

Verse

Verse 233. Three stories high) The poore *Romans* such as *Vcalegon*, dwelt in Garrets, as you may read in these verses of the tenth Satyr.

Longinus *was girt therefore, by command*
From Nero, *with a Military Band,*
Seneca's *Gardens, like his riches, great:*
And the faire Lateran *buildings were beset*
By a whole Cohort, but in that sad time,
Seldome the Souldier did poore Garrets climbe.

Verse 237. *Procula*) A She-dwarfe married to the Poët *Codrus* who could neither procure money, nor make friends for a Bed long enough for her.

Verse 253. *Euphranor*) A rare Picture-drawer.

Verse 253. *Polyclet*) An excellent Statuary.

Verse 261. *Circus*) The great show-place formerly described.

Verse 262. *Frabraterra*) *Frabraterra* was a City in *Campania*. *Sora* a Towne neere the Mountaine now called *Monte di Salvestro*. *Frusino* another City of *Campania*.

Verse 268. *Pythagoriam*) The Schollars of *Pythagoras*, who held it unlawfull to eate any thing that ever had a sensitive life, and therefore for the most part lived upon Herbes, abstaining onely from the vegetable Beanes.

Verse 278. Dull *Drusus*) One that was as drowsie for a man, as the Seal or sea Calfe for a Fish.

Verse 291. *Corbulo*) A wrestler, of a Gyantly Stature.

Verse 298. *Ligurian* Stones) Marble, hewen out of the Quarries in *Liguria* upon the *Appennine* Mountaines, betweene *France*, and *Hetruria*, now the Territories of the great Duke of *Florence*.

Verse 308. *Charon*) The Ferryman of Hell, who carries over no soules under farthings a piece.

Verse

Verſe 323. For's friend) *Patroclus*, *Achilles* his Foſter brother, ſlaine by *Hector*.

Verſe 355. *Pontine* Fenns) Drown'd-Land of the *Volſcians*, neere the *Forum Appii*, drained (as ſome ſay) by *Julius Caſar*, a place where many robberies and murders were committed.

Verſe 355. *Gallin* Wood) A Foreſt in the Bay of *Cuma*, reſorted unto by Theeves and Out-lawes.

Verſe 368. *Aquine*) A great City in the Latin way, but by the birth of *Juvenal* farre greater in Fame, then Territory.

Verſe 369. *Elvin Ceres*) *Ceres* the Goddeſſe of huſbandry had a Temple built in honour of her by the *Aquinates*, who likewiſe in the *Maturnian* Foreſt ſacrificed to *Diana* the Goddeſſe of Hunting.

Verſe 372. Vaſes) Pieces of Armes for the thighs, it ſeemes *Umbritius* aymed to weare ſomething more then Buskins, at the writing of his next Satyr.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS UPON *The fourth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

Verse 1. *Crispinus*) The Slave mentioned in the first Satyr, verse 29. borne at *Canopus* in *Ægypt*, and for his vicesake advanced by *Domitian Cæsar* to be Master of his Horse.

Verse 7. *Forum*) About the time wherein this Satyre was written, the City of *Rome* had foure great *Forums* or *Piazzas*, 1. *Forum Romanum* or *Vetus*, wherein was the *Comitium* or Hall of Justice, the *Rostra* or Pulpits for Orations, *Saturnes* Sanctuary or the common Treasury or Chamber of *Rome*, with *Castors* Temple, and their old Exchange, 2. *Forum Julium*, built by *Julius Cæsar*, 3. *Augustum* the Structure of *Augustus Cæsar*, 4. *Transitorium* (being the passage into three of their petty *Forums* or market-places) begun by the Emperour *Domitian*, and perhaps at this time finished by *Nerva*.

Verse 9. A veyled Nun) A Vestall virgin, who upon proofe of the breach of her vow of Chastity was to be carried out of the *Collin* Gate into the *Campus Sceleratus*, or Field of execution, and there in her close Chaire to be let downe into a Vault, wherein was a Couch, a Lampe burning, and a little meate. The hole they put her in at was presently stopped up, and so this poore *Anchoress* lived and died in her grave; the reason of this kind of death and buriall was, because they held it unlawfull to lay violent hands upon a Vestall, and unfit to burne her body, who had kept the sacred fire with no more sanctity.

Verse

Verse 12. The Judge) The Emperour *Domitian*, who had adjudged *Cornelia* to be executed according to the letter of the Law made by *Numa* against the transgressing Vestalls, and who ordered likewise, that the Adulterers should be whipped to death in the *Comitium*, or Hall of Justice.

Verse 13. *Titius*) *Titius*, and *Seius* are names which the Civill Lawyers use, as our common Lawyers do *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*.

Verse 17. Six thousand) Six thousand *Nummi* of *Sestertii*, a thousand whereof make one *Sestertium*, and a *Sestertium* is fifteene *French* crownes, being a pound weight: whereby it appeares this Mullet cost *Crispinus* six *Sestertia* or a hundred and fifty *French* crownes, and weighed six pound.

Verse. 27. Frugall and poore) This excesse at the Table of *Crispinus* makes the profusenesse and wealth of *Apicius* to be thought frugality and poverty, although *Apicius* was so exquisite a glutton, that he writ a booke of the art of Cookery, and so rich, that he made all his experiments at his owne table.

Verse 31. A Province) All countries out of *Italy* to which the *Romans* sent a Prætect, Proconsul, or any other Governour were called Provinces.

Verse 32. *Apulia*) That part of *Italy* now called *Puglia*.

Verse 38. *Nilus*) The great seven channel'd River of *Ægypt*, to which *Crispinus* was a neighbour borne.

Verse 39. *Calliope*) One of the nine *Muses*.

Verse 41. *Pierian* Girles) The *Muses* were called *Pierian*, from the victory they had over the nine daughters of *Pierus*, who challenged those nine Goddesses to sing with them, and were for that saucy ambition transformed into Meg-pyes, but in this place the Poet adds to their victorious epithet the title of Girles, which he takes to be a great

great complement to the Muſes, for as much as they muſt needs be old women.

Verſe 43. The laſt *Flavius*) *Domitian Caſar*, who was deſcended of the *Flavian* Family, which terminated in him.

Verſe 44. Bald *Nero*) A nick name put upon *Domitian*, who was like his cozen the Tyran: *Nero* in all things, but he wanted his head of haire.

Verſe 45. *Adriatick*) The *Adriatick* Sea parts *Italy* from *Dalmatia*, and is now called the Gulfe of *Venice*.

Verſe 46. *Greeke Ancona*) The chiefe City of *Picenum* (now *Marchia d' Ancona*) built by the *Dorick Grecians* upon the ſhoare of the *Adriatick*, and beautified with a Temple dedicated to *Venus* by the *Romans*.

Verſe 48. *Maotis*) the dead Lake in *Scythia* (frozen over all the Winter) which receiveth the River *Tanais* that divides *Europe* from *Aſia*.

Verſe 49. *Euxine*) *Maotis* in the Summer time diſburdeneth it ſelfe South through the Straits called *Boſphorus Cimmerius* in the *Euxine* Sea, at the North whereof is another *Boſphorus* (or Strait where cattle have adventured to ſwimme over) called *Thracius*, which openeth into the *Propontis*, the South end whereof is called *Hel'eſpont*, from whence to the *Mediterranean* it beares the name of the *Ægean* Sea.

Verſe 52. *Pontifex Maximus*) There was in *Rome* a Colledge of Pontifices, which were exempted from the authority of any Lay-court of Judicature, having power to treate and determine all controverſies of Religion, either betweene the Prieſts of the Gods, or private perſons; the Preſident of this Colledge was ſtiled *Pontifex Maximus*, which office and ſtile after the inauguration of the *Roman* Emperours devolved unto the Crowne.

Verſe 58. *Cæſar's* Ponds) Although Fiſhes, being *fera naturæ*, are by the Civill Law any man's that can

catch them, yet if a Fish could be proved to have beene once inclosed within a Pond, though it were afterwards taken in a River, it ought to be returned to the first proprietary of it: so farre *Salfurius* and *Armillatus* had studied book-cases to follow their accusations with some colour of justice and legality.

Verse 69. Robb'd *Alba*) The City of *Alba* upon the Lake, built by *Ascanius* the sonne of *Æneas* was destroyed by King *Tullus Hostilius*, who robbed the *Alban* Temple of *Vesta*, and carried away from it *Ascanius* his Trojan fire to *Rome*, where a prodigious storme of haile stones happning; the *Romans* were admonished to returne the fire and suffer the Ceremonies of *Vesta* to be observed at *Alba*, though in a poorer way then at *Rome*.

Verse 75. *Atrides*) *Agamemnon*, a name which the Poët gives *Domitian*, onely because he wore a Crowne; as he gave him (a little before) the stile of *Pontifex Maximus*, not for any abilities he had to discharge that office, but onely that he could make his *Pontifica cana*, a profuse feast, which bore the title of *Pontifex*, as well as *Domitian*.

Verse 75. The *Pisan*) The Fisherman borne in *Pisa*, somewhere about the Lake of *Alba*.

Verse 78. *Genios*) The spirit of man, and the spirit or God (according to the Heathens beliefe) appointed to attend upon us from our nativities, so that any thing wherein the spirit or soule delighted was called sacred or peculiar to the *Genius*, especially Feasting and Marriage.

Verse 91. Præfects) *Pegasus*, a great Civill Lawyer (borne in *Alba* where *Domitian* now resided) was at this time *Præfectus Urbi* or Chancellor of *Rome*, all causes of what nature soever if they were within a hundred miles of *Rome*, being brought into the Præfects court; but in the [illegible] of the Tyrant *Domitian*, this great Judge stood but [illegible]

fe

for a cipher. and to be Præfect of *Rome* was no more then to be Bayliffe of a Village.

Verse 95. *Crispus*) *Vitius Crispus*, a rich subtle and smooth old-man, who kept himselfe in favour with many Emperours of severall dispositions by being a willow and not an oake. He in a Progresse followed *Cæsars* Chariot on foot; and being a boy, when *Nero* said to him, *Crispus* hast thou injoyed thy Sister? he answered, not yet, Sir; not willing to confesse an untruth, nor daring to deny it, lest the Emperour should thinke himselfe toucht, who had beene kind with his owne Sister; when one asked him if any were within with the Emperour *Domitian*? the pleasant old-man replyed, not so much as a flie Sir. It being *Domitians* custome in the beginning of his Empire to be private an houre a day for the killing of flies

Verse 111. *Acilius*) *Acilius Glabrio*; he had seene his eighth Summer *Solstice* too, being fourescore yeare old as well as *Crispus*, and a Noble-man likewise, which the Author admires as a prodigy in the reigne of those Tyrants they lived under.

Verse 112. His young sonne) *Domitius* whom the Emperour *Domitian* (though it seemes he liked his Father *Acilius* well enough) could never indure, which the youth perceiving, hoped to have blinded *Domitian* as *Brutus* did *Tarquin* with a counterfeit madnesse, which *Domitius* acted to the life, fighting naked with fierce *Asiaean* Bores before the Emperour at his Pallace in *Alba*; but nothing would satisfie the jealousie *Domitian* had conceived of *Domitius* his braine, untill he had taken off his head.

Verse 122. A bearded King) *Tarquinius Superbus* whom *Brutus* beguiled, wore his beard long, for in his time the Barbers were not come over to *Rome* from *Sicely*.

Verse 123. *Rubrius*) *Rubrius Gallus* who in his youth committed some such foule crimes as pathick *Nero* did, and

being come to mans estate was as bold a writer of Satyrs against others as *Nero* was.

Verse 126. *Montanus*) *Curtius Montanus* a huge fat glutton, whose belly rather then himselfe the Poet here takes notice of, but he leaves him not so, you shall find him againe in this Satyr, verse 153.

Verse 130. *Pompey*) *Pompeius Ruffus*, who though not so fine as the *Arabarch Crispinus* in his Easterne Balsome, was yet farre subtler in his whispering of accusations.

Verse 130. *Fuscus*) *Cornelius Fuscus*, who having onely heard of battailes, and meditated stratagems of warre within the marble walls of his *Villa* or country house, was sent Generall by *Domitian* against the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his Army was defeated, and he himselfe slaine.

Verse 133. *Veiento*) That rich and proud Senator described in my notes upon the third Satyr.

Verse 133. *Catullus*) A blind man and a bloudy informer, raised by *Domitian*, from begging at the foor of the *Aricine* hill in the *Appian* way, to be one of his Councellors of Estate; the Emperour thinking (as it seemes) that the tongue which begged so well would urge an accusation better. *Pliny* in his Epistles saith, *Domitian* used to cast *Catullus* at noble Persons, like a blind dart that will spare no man.

Verse 141. *Cilician's*) A Fencer of *Cilicia*, whose blowes and way of fighting this impudent blind man had formerly commended upon the Stage, as he did likewise the Engine (such as we have in Maskes) by which the boyes ascended to the Canvas that covered the top of the Play-house.

Verse 144. *Bellona*) *Minerva* Goddesse of warre, (Sister and Charioteer to *Mars*) whose Priests sacrificed their owne bloud to her, and immediately she so inspi-

red

red them that they explained things present, and foretold the future.

Verse 148. *Arviragus*) A King of the South *Brittaines*, youngest sonne to *Kymbeline*, a great opposer of the *Romans* in this Island, both in *Domitian's* reigne (when, it seemes, he flourished) and *Claudius Cæsars*, whose daughter *Genissa* (if we may beleeve our *Brittish* Historians that he had such a one) our *Arviragus* married.

Verse 157. *Prometheus*) That inimitable Potter who was carried to Heaven by *Minerva*, being much taken with his wit, where he made further demonstration of it by stealing fire from the Suns Coach-wheeles, wherewith he inanimated his man of clay.

Verse 163. *Falerne* Wine) The Grapes growing upon the *Falerne* Mountaines in *Campania*, made a rare Wine in *Juvenal's* time, as you may see by his frequent use of the word *Falerne*, and it is, even at this day, the absolute best Wine in *Italy*, as they say that have met with it where it is pure, which is only in the Cardinals or some great Princes Cellar.

Verse 165. *Lucrin* Rocks or *Circe's*) The *Lucrin* Rocks were in *Campania* in the Bay of *Lucrinum*; the Rocks of *Circe* were neere unto *Cajeta*, where was a Chappell dedicated to *Circe*, and a Mountaine that likewise bore her name.

Verse 166. *Richborough*) In *Kent*.

Verse 174. *Sicambri*) The people of *Gelderland* betweene the Rivers of *Mosa* and the *Rhene*.

Verse 174. *Catti*) *Germani* now called *Hassi*; against whom *Domitian* made one voluntary expedition, as he did another of necessity against the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his whole Legion was overthrowne, and the Generall *Fuscus* slaine.

Verſe 176. Flying Poſts) Some have ſuppoſed he meant Letters brought by Carryer-Pidgeons, but he calls them not flying Poſts either for ſpeed of bird or man, but becauſe in Packets of Overthrowes or Inſurrections the *Romans* uſed to ſtick a Feather, in Expreſſes of Victory a Laurell.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The fifth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 5. *Galba*) *Aprius Galba*, a rare Buffon that lived in *Tiberius Cæsars* time, you shall heare of him often in the Poet *Martial*.

Verse 5. *Sarmentus*) A Jester recorded by *Horace* in his fifth Satyr, where he describes his scuffle with *Messius Cicerrus*. This *Sarmentus*, notwithstanding that he was continually abused at *Augustus Cæsars* table, still put himselfe upon the Emperour, and at length became very gracious with him.

Verse 19. On's third Bed) In the *Triclinium* or dining roome there was a table in the fashion of a halfe Moone or Hemicycle, against the round part whereof they set three beds, every one containing three persons, and at extraordinary times foure; the Hemicycle being left for the waiters.

Verse 23. Saluting Rivalls) The rest of the Clients that used to come and bid good morrow to those on whom they depended, at day-breake if not before, as you may see by this description of *Charles* waine turning about the Pole.

Verse 29. *Cybel's* Priests) Who were masters of the *Gusto*, and therefore likely to quarrell at the Table.

Verse 33. Libertines) A Libertine originally was the issue of a freed-man and a freed-woman, but after the Censor-ship of *Appius Cæcus*, *Liberts* and *Libertini* were both taken for freed-men, and *Ingenus* for their children or free-borne persons.

Verse

Verse 34. Pots of *Saguntum*) Earthen Pots made at *Saguntum* in *Spaine*.

Verse 35. Th'unshorne Consuls) When the Consuls were bearded like their Kings, as before in the fourth Satyr.

Verse 39. The *Alban*) The *Alban* hills bore (as *Pliny* saies) an excellent sweet Grape.

Verse 39. *Setine* Hills) The *Setine* Wine was preferred by *Augustus Cæsar* and by *Juvenal*, *regiu ad exemplum*, as you may read Sat. 10. in these verses,

Then feare thy life when pretious Setine Wine
Strives the gold bowle and sparkling stones t'outshine.

Verse 41. The *Romans* dated the wine-vessells which they intended to keep, from the yeare of the foundation of *Rome*.

Verse 42. *Thraseas* and *Helvidius*) *Thraseas Patus* and his Father-in-law *Helvidius Priscus* would as gladly have adventured their lives to have freed *Rome* from the tyranny of *Nero*, as *D. Junius Brutus* ventured his to free *Rome* of *Tarquin*, or *M. Brutus* and *Cassius* theirs for delivering *Rome* from the incroachment of *J. Cæsar*; *Thraseas*, because he would not flatter *Nero* in the murther of his mother *Agrippina*, being by the Ministers of State accused of Treason, would not make his defence, but offered his veines to be cut, and turning to his friends, sayd, We sacrifice this bloud to *Jove* the infranchiser; *Helvidius Priscus* was banished *Italy* by *Nero*; after whose death he was repealed by *Galba*.

Verse 43. Drank crown'd) When the *Romans* indulged or sacrificed to the *Genius* (which was, as aforesaid, either at the Nativities or Marriages of themselves, or those they honoured) it was their custome to crowne their heads with cooling flowers to allay the heat of the wine, and by binding of their foreheads to suppresse the fumes ascending from it.

Verse

Verse 46. Beril) A precious stone often mentioned in the sacred Scriptures; that it was the fashion in *Juvenals* time to set the bowles they dranke in with rich stones, appeares by this place and those verses last quoated out of the tenth Satyr.

Verse 53. The Youth) *Æneas* (prefer'd by *Dido* before *Hiarbas*) who had some eminent part of his sword set with Jaspers, like so many Stars, as *Virgil* describes him in the fourth booke of his *Æneids*.

——*stellatus Jaspide fulvâ*
Ensis erat.——

Verse 56. *Beneventin* Cobler) An ill-favoured Glasse called by the name of *Vatinius* the drunken Cobler of *Beneventum*, who had a nose (if we may believe the Epigrammatist Martial) longer then his monumental Glasse-nose.

Verse 63. *Getulian* Boore) *A Negro* of *Getulia* in *Africa*.

Verse 67. *Asia*) One of the foure parts of the earth, severed from *Africa* by the red Sea and the Ægyptian *Isthmus*, but farther distant in the degree of complexion then of Climate, the *Africans* looking like Devils, the *Asians* like Angels.

Verse 69. *Tullus*) *Tullus Hostilius* the third King of *Rome*, who conquered *Alba*, and carried away the Vestall fire to *Rome*, robbing her Altar at *Alba*, as you read in Sat. 4. verse 69. he was of a more stirring nature then *Romulus*, and lest the people should grow effeminate with peace, took occasion (as *Livy* notes) to quarrell with his neighbours.

Verse 69. Warlike *Ancus*) The fourth King of *Rome*, who for his wisdome to direct, and courage to execute, was Surnamed the Martiall, he was the first that ever made a Prison in *Rome*; to which one Prison there was

no

no numerall addition during the Reignes of the three Kings that succeeded him, nor a long while after, as you see in Sat. 3. verse 364.

Verse 72. *Getulian Ganymed*) *Ganymed* was a lovely boy, sonne to *Tros* the King of *Troy*, and Cup-bearer to *Jove*, but this *Negro*, this *Getulian Ganymed* might have beena Cup-bearer to *Pluto*.

Verse 87. Remember) 'Tis the speech of a proud Servant waiting at the Table replyed to (in the next verse but one) by the poore upbraided Client.

Verse 90. *Esquiline* Mount) Where many Patricians had houses, as I have formerly noted Sat. 3.

Verse 98. A Supper for the dead) The *Romans* used to bring to an urne or monument of the dead, a little milke, honey, wine, water, and an olive, supper enough for a spirit.

Verse 99. *Venafrian* Oyle) The purest Oyle of *Campania*.

Verse 101. *Micipsa*) *Micipsa* is the name of a *Numidian* king, successour to *Masinissa*; *Bochar* the name of an Ægyptian king. It seemes the oyle that came from those parts, and which those country-men nointed with when they bathed, was such abominable stuffe, as the very *African* Serpents would not indure the smell of it.

Verse 104. *Corsica*) An Island in the *Tyrrhene* Sea called *Cyrnus* by the *Greekes*.

Verse 106. *Tauromenian* Rocks) The Sea coast neer *Tauromenium* in *Sicily*.

Verse 111. *Lenas*) One that bought up the parities of the Market to present his childlesse friends; a complement in fashion with the *Romans*, as you may read in Sat. 6. verse 42.

Verse 112. *Aurelia*) A rich childlesse woman, to whom these *Lenasses* brought so many dainties more then she could spend in her house, that she served the Market with them againe.

Verse

Verſe 113. The Straits) The dangerous paſſage betwixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*.

Verſe 120. *Suburra*) The faireſt Street of *Rome* (as I have noted in the beginning of Sat. 3.) under whoſe ſtately buildings the common-ſhoare paſſed into the River *Tiber*.

Verſe 122. *Seneca*) Tutor to *Nero*, the moſt rich and moſt learned *Roman* of his time; and in my opinion there needs no greater teſtimony then the honourable mention here made of him, to prove all impeachments of ſordid thrift wherewith he ſtands charged to be falſe and ſcandalous.

Verſe 122. *Piſo*) *C. Piſo Calſurnius*, that ſo gallant man in his munificence both to friends and ſtrangers, who was (as *Tacitus* affirmes) adopted by *Galba* for his ſucceſſor in the Empire.

Verſe 122. *Cotta*) *Aurelius Cotta* a liberall-minded Noble-man, that likewiſe lived in *Nero*'s time.

Verſe 132. *Meleager*) See the fable of *Meleager* in the Metamorphoſis, where he kills the fatall *Calydonian* Boare, ſent to execute the wrath of *Diana* upon the country of his father *Oeneus*.

Verſe 133. Spring time) The beſt Muſhroms grow in *Africa*, in the Spring of the year, immediately after thunder, which though it blaſt the Corne, is notwithſtanding wiſhed for by ſuch as *Alledius*, who had rather have the *Lybians* to ſend their Muſhroms then their Corne.

Verſe 145. *Cacus*) The *Aventine* Shepherd that ſtole the Oxen from *Hercules*, and to keepe himſelfe from being tracked by the Beaſts feet, dragged them by the tayles into his Den; but *Hercules* (finding them out by their bellowing) ſerved *Cacus* as he had done his Cattell, drew him out by the heeles and knocked out his braines. See *Ovid* upon this fable in his Metamorphoſis, and *Virgil* in his Æneids.

Verſe

Verse 163. Young *Æneas*) The Author alludes to Queene *Dido* in *Virgil*'s Æneids, and telleth the Client *Trebius*, that although he should grow rich, and so come to have a Court as *Dido* had, yet (if he meane that his Patron *Verro* shall be one of his Courtiers) he must not wish, as the did, to have a young *Æneas*; notwithstanding if *Verro*'s wife *Mygale* should bring him three young *Æneases*, *Verro* would make much of them all, as he did of their father, and for the above-named consideration, *viz.*

Oh money! he this honour doth to thee;
'Tis Verro and thy selfe that brothers bee.

Verse 175. *Claudius*) *Claudius Cæsar* loved Mushromes excessively, which *Locusta* perceiving, she taught the Empresse *Agrippina* to poyson one of them, which dispatched the old man to Heaven downewards, as you shall read in Sat. 6. verse 664.

Verse 180. *Hesperides*) *Atlas* king of *Mauritania* (so the fable goes) had an Orchard, wherein were trees that bare golden Apples, which he bestowed upon the *Hesperides*, the daughters of his brother *Hesperus*, *Ægle*, *Arethusa* and *Hyperthusa*, trusting both them and the fruit to the guard of a watchfull Dragon which *Hercules* slew, and carried away the golden Apples into *Greece*.

Verse 194. *Hetrurian* bubbles) King *Tullus Hostilius* first brought the fashion to *Rome* out of *Hetruria* (now the Dutchy of *Florence*) for Noble-mens children to weare golden Bubbles.

Verse 196. Leathern thongs) The children of Libertines or Freed-men wore a leathern thong or cord tied on a knot.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS
UPON
The sixth Satyr *of* Juvenal.

VErse 1. When *Saturne* reigned) In the infancy of the world, that for it's vertuous simplicity merited the title of the Golden Age.

Verse 3. *Lar*) The God of the Family, figured in the shape of a Dogge, whose Temple was the House, the smoake his incense, and his Altar the Chimney.

Verse 5. Mountaine Wife) That dwelt in the Mountaine before such time as men although they themselves came downe durst bring their Wifes into the Levell.

Verse 7. *Cynthia*) Mistresse to the Poet *Propertius*.

Verse 7. Nor her) *Lesbia*, mistresse to *Catullus*, who writ a handsome funerall Elegy upon the death of her beloved sparrow.

Verse 10. Great Child) Ere the debaucheries of Parents had lessened the statures of their children.

Verse 12. Th'Oakes rupture) Before men built houses, they lodged a-nights in hollow trees, which occasioned the Fable, that Trees were delivered of the first men.

Verse 13. Had no Parents) Whose vices they might inherite.

Verse 15. E're *Jove* had a Beard) In the Silver Age, so named, because it did participate more of Earth, and consequently of rust and corruption, then that of Gold; but the purest of this Silver Age was e're *Jove* had downe growing

growing upon his chinne, for then the Metamorphosis will tell you what prankes he played among the women.

Verse 16. To sweare by others heads) The common forme of an Oath among the *Graecians* was, by anothers head.

Verse 19. *Astraea*) *Justice*, she and *Chastity* were twins, and as they came together into the virtuous world, so they together left the wicked earth.

Verse 25. Motion'st thou) *Ursidius Posthumus*.

Verse 27. Thy Pledge) Upon the very marriage day in the morning it was the custome for the Bridegroome as a Pledge of his never-ending faith to send his Bride a Ring. *Macrob. lib. 7.* which she wore upon her middle-finger, because an artery reaches from the heart to that finger, and therefore the Ancients thought fit onely that finger should be crowned in marriage.

Verse 32. Æmilian Bridge) *Æmilius Scaurus* (as aforesaid) built this Bridge over the River *Tiber*, in the *Flaminian* way, a mile from *Rome*.

Verse 41. *Julian* Law) Which (as I have noted) forbid Adultery upon paine of death, a Law that *Ursidius Posthumus* desires may be in force, now that he intends to marry and live honest.

Verse 42. Loose those gifts) Such as hoped to be Heires to childlesse persons used as I have noted, Sat. 4. to present them what rarities the Shambles afforded.

Verse 47. *Latinus* Chest) *Latinus* the Comedian played the lover to an Adulteresse that upon her Husband's unexpected returne lockt him up in a Chest, this part (it seemes) *Ursidius* had acted in earnest.

Verse 50. *Tarpeian Jove*) *Jupiter* had a Temple in the *Tarpeian* Mount, whence he derived the title of *Tarpeian Jove*; when the foundation of this Temple was digged the Worke-men found the head of one *Tolus* which gave

gave the whole Mount the name of the *Capitol*.

Verse 51. His first Love) *Iuno*, the Patroneſſe of the chaſt, and implacable perſecutreſſe of immodeſt Women, to whom *Vrſidius Poſthumus* could not offer leſſe then a gilded ſacrifice, if ſhe had cleered the towne of Wenches juſt when he was to marry.

Verse 53. *Cereri*) The Goddeſſe of Husbandry, whoſe Votreſſes none but chaſt women durſt preſume to be.

Verse 54. Crowne thy doores) On the wedding day the doores and doore-poſts of ordinary perſons were crowned with flowers, and wreathed about with Ivy, which likewiſe covered over the threſholds. But perſons of honour had wreaths of Bayes inſtead of Ivy, and builded Scaffolds in the Streets for the Towne to behold the ſolemnity of the marriage, as you may read in this Satyr, verſe 83.

Verse 56. *Iberina*) *Vrſidius* his Bird that was to-be.

Verse 66. *Bathyllus*) A Player that imitated the wanton *mien* of the Courtezan *Lada* with whoſe poſtures the City-Ladyes *Thuſcia* and *Appula* were much taken.

Verse 71. The *Forum*) The *Forum Romanum* or the old *Piazza*, where the Hall of Juſtice ſtood, &c.

Verse 72. In *Cybel*'s Feaſts) The *Megaleſian* Games were ſacred to *Cybele*, or *magna mater*, they began on the fourth day of *April*, and continued ſix dayes after, during which time common Stage-playes were prohibited. *M. Fumus Brutus* dedicated theſe ſports to the Mother of the Gods.

Verse 73. *Thyrſe*) A Speare (wreathed about with vine-leaves and grapes proper to *Bacchus*) which the Player *Actius* uſed to carry in his hand.

Verse 74. *Autonoe*'s Mad-Jigge) *Autonoe* (the daughter to *Cadmus*, and mother to *Actæon*) of whom ſome

Attellan

Attelan or ridiculous jeering rimes were made, that used to be sung upon the Stage after the acting of a Tragedy to make the spectatours merry againe; for rehearsing of this Jigge the poore beggarly *Ælia* falls in love with the Player *Urbicus*.

Verse 79. *Quintilian*) *Fabius Quintilianus* that famous Rhetorician; could it be expected such women could love so grave a man? no surely, rather a Fidler, or a Piper, as followes.

Verse 83. Solemne Bayes) Persons of honour at their nuptialls in the place of common Ivy used to trimme their Gates with Bayes.

Verse 84. *Lentulus*) The Poet would be thought to speake to some noble *Roman* of this name.

Verse 86. *Hippias*) Wife to that rich Lord of the Senate (so often named) *Fabricius Veiento*.

Verse 89. *Pharos*) An Island in *Ægypt*, right against *Alexandria*.

Verse 89. *Lagus* his lewd Towne) *Alexandria* where *Lagus* (the father of *Cleopatra* and *Ptolomy*) kept his Court.

Verse 89. *Nile*) The principall River of *Ægypt*, wherein *Canopus* was the most debauch'd Towne.

Verse 95. *Paris*) A handsome young Actor in favour with the Emperour *Domitian*, which he made use of (as you may read in the Authours life) to banish *Juvenal*, and at last was himselfe put to death by his master *Domitian* for acting a Lovers part with the Empresse.

Verse 100. *Tyrrhene* Waves) That part of the *Mediterranean* Sea lying under *Italy* (therefore called *Mare inferum*) betweene *Corsica* and *Sicilia*. Th'*Ionian* is part of the *Mediterranean* above the Straites of the *Adriaticke*, betwixt *Sicily* and *Greece*; through both which they must needs passe that saile from *Rome* to *Ægypt*.

Verse 113. To shave his throate) That is, he began to

to grow somewhat ancient, and was shaved to appeare young in the eye of his Mistresse.

Verse 118. This makes *Hyacinthus*) *Hyacinthus* was *Apollo*'s favourite, unluckily slaine by the God, as he was throwing of the Iron bowle, and afterwards by the same power that killed him revived into a purple flower that beares his name *Hyacinth*.

Verse 124. When his Wife) *Messalina*, who when her old Husband *Claudius Cæsar* was fast asleepe, went to the common Stewes disguised in a red Perwigge, which was *ala mode* with the *Roman* Prostitutes, as it was likewise to weare gold Chaines about their necks.

Verse 131. *Lycisca*) A wench in great request, whose name was chalked upon the Chamber-doore where *Messalina* entertained all comers.

Verse 132. High-borne *Britannicus*) *Messalina*'s son, whom the Poët stiles high-borne, with the same scorne that towards the end of this Satyr, he sayes his supposed father *Claudius Cæsar* descended into Heaven.

Verse 162. Canusian breed) *Canusium* is a Towne in *Apulia*, where they had the best Sheep and finest Wooll of *Italy*.

Verse 163. *Falerne* Vine-yards) The purest *Italian* Wine grew upon the *Falerne* Mountaines, as I have noted in Sat. 3.

Verse 170. *Berenice*) Sister to *Herodes Agrippa* king of *Judæa*, who lived in incest with her, *Josephus. lib.* 20.

Verse 179. Peace-making *Sabines*) The chast *Sabine* women, that coming to *Rome* to see the solemnity of the *Consualia* were forcibly detained, and married by the primitive *Romans*, that could get no Wives among their neighbours by treaty, as aforesaid; but a warre growing about it betwixt *Tatius* and *Romulus*, these *Sabine* women, with their hayre scattered about their shoulders (as at a Funerall) came betwixt the Armies, bearing their

young children in their armes, and made a peace between their fathers and their husbands.

Verse 182. A *Venusine* mayde) *Venusinum* was a miserable poore Towne betwixt *Apulia* and *Lucania*, where none lived but almost Savage people.

Verse 182. *Cornelia*) Mother to those two (formerly named) valiant, but mutinous, Tribunes, *Caius* and *Tiberius Gracchus*, and daughter to *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax* king of *Numidia*, and brought *Carthage* into subjection.

Verse 188. *Amphion*) Sonne to *Iupiter* and *Antiope*, he married *Niobe* the daughter of *Tantalus*, by whom he had fourteene sonnes and seven daughters; *Niobe* proud of her birth, marriage, and fruitfulnesse scorned the *Thebane* Matrons for sacrificeing to *Latona* that had but two children; but those two *Apollo* and *Diana*, sensible of this affront offered to their mother, in one day shot to death all *Niobe's* numerous Issue, not sparing her husband, she her selfe weeping her self into a Stone-fountain, who had boasted her wombe to be fruitfuller then the white Sow that had thirty sucking on her at once, as *Virgil* tells you.

Verse 203. Till she her *Thuscan*) Till she hath changed her *Thuscan* or *Italian* mother-tongue into *Greeke*; nay, her barbarous dialect of *Solmo* into pure *Greek* of *Athens*.

Verse 213. *Hamus*) A smooth-tongued *Greeke* Comedian mentioned in Sat. 3. one of whose fellow Actours *Carpophorus* was.

Verse 220. *Dacian* and *German Caesar*) *Domitian's* picture in gold (or rather a coine of *Trajan*, who deserved those stiles) about the Ring whereof was engraven *Dacian* and *German Caesar*, such were usually presented by the Bride-groome in a piece of Massy plate to the Bride after his first night's lodging.

Verse 240. Her red veyle) The Bride wore a red or bluish-coloured veyle (some say a yellow) to put her in mind,

mind, that shee ought to preserve what shee then covered the blushes of a Bride.

Verse 255. *Manilia*) *Manilia* was that subtile Courtezan, who being accused to the Senate by *Hostilius Mancinus*, then the *Edilis Curulis*, for having by night wounded him with a stone, she appealed to the Tribunes and pleaded, that he would violently have entered her house at an unseasonable houre, and was beat back with stones. No mervaile my Authour uses her name for a she-wrangler in the Law.

Verse 258. *Celsus*) *Iunius Celsus* the Oratour, who writ seven bookes of Rhetoricall Institutions.

Verse 259. *Tyrian* Cassocks) The *Roman* Fencers were bound to play their Prizes in Cassocks dyed in purple of *Tyre*; this fashion the wanton dames of *Rome* brought up, noynting themselves with oyle and clay, exercising and training like the *Tyrones* or young Soldiers in *Campo Martio*.

Verse 263. *Florall* Trumpets) The like to these women having never beene knowne but in the games dedicated to the Goddesse *Flora*, where the wenches danced naked along the Streets with Trumpets before them.

Verse 279. Great *Lepidus*) *Æmilius Lepidus* the Censour, that good man, who dying enjoyned his Sonnes to cast a linnen Cloath over his body, and so to carry it upon the bed he dyed on to the Pile to be burned, without imbalming, purples, trumpets, waxen Images, common mourners, or any other funerall pomp at all.

Verse 280. Blind *Metellus*) The Censour and *Pontifex Maximus*, who lost his eyes, as aforesaid, with saving the image of *Minerva* when her Temple was on fire.

Verse 280. Spend-thrift *Fabius*) Sonne to *Fabius Maximus*, who in his youth spent his Estate, and was thence surnamed the Gulfe or (as our word is) the Spend-thrift, but afterwards he became the patterne of frugality, abstinence, and all vertues.

Verse 284. *Aesius*) A Sword-player.

Verse 296. We are dumbe) *Quintilian's* Answer.

Verse 303. *Lerna*) A Lake neere *Argos*, where the many-headed Serpent *Hydra* (slaine by *Hercules*) was ingendred.

Verse 313. *Rhodes*) *Rhodes* is an Iland in *Lycia*, *Homer's* birth-place. *Malta* an Iland in the *Sicilian* Sea. *Sibaris* a towne situated betwixt the Rivers *Crathis* and *Sibaris*, strangely given to luxury and filthinesse; note the proverb, *A Sybaritick Sow*. *Tarentum* a towne of *Apulia*, (sometimes the chiefe City of *Calabria*) famous for the Tarantula, whose sting makes a man die laughing.

Verse 326. Chastity's old Altar) They are not pleased with all the variations of wantonnesse, unlesse they show their spight to, and contempt of the Goddesse of Chastity, at her antiquated and neglected Altars.

Verse 333. The Goddesse *Bona's* secrets) where no man ought to be present, as I have noted in Sat. 2.

Verse 336. *Priapum Bacchides*) The wild women that used to sacrifice to *Bacchus*, are now come (it seemes) to offer to *Priapus*.

Verse 344. Cold *Priam*) Who was so old that nothing could put heate into him, but the setting of his *Troy* on fire, or such a fight as this.

Verse 344. *Hernia*) A rupture which *Nestor* had that spoyled his courtshippe.

Verse 354. A She singer) *Clodius*, who came disguised like a singing-woman to *Cæsar's* wife as she was sacrificing to the Goddesse *Bona*, where males were not permitted to be present so much as in Picture, *vid.* Sat. 2. he was discovered by *Aurelia Cæsar's* mother.

Verse 362. *Cæsar's Anti-cato's*) *Cæsar* writ two books titled *Pro-Catones* (in opposition to *Cicero's* booke called *Cato*) which were rolled up in the forme of a Cylinder.

Verse 362. Earthen) King *Numa*, that taught the *Romans* their sacred Ceremonies, made use of earthen sacrificing vessells moulded at the *Vatican*, which were never

never so prophaned as the vessells of Gold have beene.

Verse 368. Tall *Syrian's* Shoulders) Those *Syrians* were men of as huge bulke as the moderne *Switzers*, kept by the Ladies of *Rome*, as those now are, for their Chayre-bearers or Sedan-men.

Verse 369. *Ogulnia*) A wanton of a poore fortune.

Verse 393. With *Bacchus*) Those vast statues of *Bacchus* and *Priapus*, Gods of the Vines and Hortyards.

Verse 398. To th' Prætors) The Prætors were by their office to set forth publike Playes and Games, and to hire Musicke and voices to delight the Spectatours.

Verse 403. The *Lamian* house) A great Family in *Rome*, whose founder is by *Horace* called the antient *Lamus*.

Verse 404. *Vesta* and *Janus*) *Vesta* and *Janus* were two of the principall Deities worshipped by the *Romans*, who offered to them barley Cakes and Wine, which with a Lambe made a compleat sacrifice.

Verse 405. *Pollio*) A mercenary Linenist.

Verse 406. An oaken wreath) An oaken wreath given to him that was adjudged the best Musician in the *Capitoline* Games instituted by *Domitian Cæsar*.

Verse 411. Her face to veyle) The sacrificer using to stand veyled and repeat the Priest's words.

Verse 412. She look'd pale) For feare there should be some unlucky signes that made against her Musician.

Verse 413. Old God) *Janus* was so old a God, that the antients called him *Chaos*.

Verse 415. For Buskins, she for Socks) Great Ladies, come in person to make offerings for Tragedians that act in Buskins, and Comedians that play in Socks.

Verse 416. Th' *Aruspex*) The *Aruspices* [illegible] cies by inspection made into the entrailes [illegible] in danger of growing crooked with stooping [illegible] sacrifices made for Fidlers and Players.

Verse 429. *Niphates*) A River of *Armenia*.

Verse 442. Two Leaden Balls) Those that would sweat before they bathed swung with two leaden Balls, in each hand one, and then were nointed.

Verse 466. The labouring Moone) The *Romans* believed that they brought helpe to the Moone labouring in her Eclipse, when they sounded Trumpets, and rung brasse-basons, or kettles, &c.

Verse 469. *Sylvanus*) God of the Groves and Cattle; whom the Philosophers, and any Man sacrificed to, but no Woman.

Verse 470. A Farthing) Schollars payed no more but farthings a piece for their Bath, which *Horace* objects to a Stoicke that bragg'd he was a king.

Verse 472. *Enthymem*) An imperfect Syllogisme wanting one proposition.

Verse 475. *Palæmon*) *Remmius Palæmon* was a singular good Grammarian, but so proud of it, that he said learning was borne, and would dye with him; he was Tutour to *M. Fabius Quintilian*, and used to call that learned *Roman M. Varro* a letter'd hogge. He brag'd that *Virgil* in his Bucolicks prophecied of him as the onely competent Judge of all Oratours and Poets, and said, that being taken by Thieves, as soone as he named himselfe they set him at liberty. But poverty was not so kind as those Thieves for when she caught him (after all his costly Baths and Suppers) she never let him go.

Verse 486. *Poppæa*) *Nero*'s Empresse, she invented a rare Pomatum, and was so elegant, so carefull to preserve her beauty, that when she was banished *Rome* she carried fifteene sh. Asses a-long with her for their milke to w sh her selfe in.

Verse 495. Like *Poppæa*) And so be forced to imitate banished *Poppæa* in her fortune, as she strived to doe in her art.

Verse

Verse 511. A *Sicilian* Court) In the Reignes of *Sicily*'s cruellest Tyrants, *Phalaris* and the *Dionysii*.

Verse 514. *Isis* fane) The Temple of *Isis* or *Io* in *Rome* was the place where the Bawdes waited to make their matches. *Ovid. Multas* Io *facit, quod fuit illa* Iovis *Io* makes many what she was to *Iove*.

Verse 515. *Pseras*) The waiting gentlewoman or dresser.

Verse 522. The Matron of the wheele) Who being now grown aged, her Lady spares her old eyes from needleworke and puts her to spinning.

Verse 530. *Andromache*) *Hector*'s tall Wife.

Verse 540. *Bellona*) *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, the Goddesse of warre, whose Priests were a kind of mad men.

Verse 540. *Cybel*) *Cybele* (or rather *Cybele*) being an Infant was exposed upon the mountaine *Cybellus*, where she was found and bred up by a Shepherds wife, and call'd by the name of the Mountaine; she was the first among the *Greekes* that used the Taber and Pipe, and played upon the Cymballs: for her love to children she was stiled *magna mater*, and *mater Deorum*, the great mother, and mother of the Gods. Her Priests were gelt with a fishshell, and called *Galli* and *Phryges*; her chiefe Priest *Archigallus* from *Gallus* a River in *Phrygia* of which he that drank presently ran mad, and gelt himselfe; which was the punishment that *Cybelle* inflicted upon her beloved *Atys* her first Priest for breaking his vow of chastity made unto her, and deflowring of a Nymph; a crew of her Priests went dauncing about the streets from house to house with Tabers and Pipes and Cymballs, begging and cheating the superstitious women, whence they were called *Cybel's* collectours, or *Circulator's* jugglers, and any notorious debaucht knave *Circulator Cybellicus*. It was not lawfull for a free-borne *Roman* to be one of these.

Verse 553. *Tarquin's* Fields) *Campus Martius* or *Tiberinus* (because it was neere the River *Tiber*) was given to the people of *Rome*, as aforesaid, by *Cæsa Tarratia* a Vestall virgin; these fields *Tarquin* the Proud converted to his owne use, and caused them to be sowed with corne, but after his expulsion by *Brutus* the fields were restored to their former martiall use, and the croppe throwne into the river, it being thought unfit, that any one should make a benefit of ground dedicated to the Gods.

Verse 554. White *Io*) *Io* (daughter to *Inachus*) ravished by *Iove*, suspected by *Iuno*, was by her all-powerfull servant transformed into a white Cow, and even in that shape begged by his jealous Goddesse and given in charge to the hundred-eyed *Argus*; but upon a pacification betwixt *Iupiter* and *Iuno*, *Io* was restored to her beauty, received among the celestials as a Goddesse by the name of *Isis*, and worshipped by the *Ægyptians* as their Patroness. She had a Temple in *Rome*, a vertuous place, as I have formerly noted, the Mart of Bawdes and Pandars.

Verse 555. *Meroe*) Some thinke *Meroe* to be a City of *Ægypt*, others an Iland of *Nilus* in *Æthiopia*.

Verse 557. The old Sheep-coate) *Romulus* his old Palace, neere unto which stood the above mention'd Temple of *Isis*.

Verse 560. Her darling Priest) The Priest of *Isis* at *Rome*.

Verse 562. *Anubis*) Sonne to *Osyris* and *Io* or *Isis*, worshipped in the forme of a dogge, because in his scutcheon he bore a dogge, as his brother *Macedo* did a wolfe; after this dogge the *Roman* people went crying and howling as following him (after the *Ægyptian* custome) in search of his father *Osyris*, who being King of *Ægypt* was drowned in a Well, and mourned for with this ceremony. *Osyris* was adored in the forme of an oxe, and called *Apis*, which is in their language an oxe, his offering was hay, which

which, if he tooke it, betokened prosperous successe, but if he refused it portended evill fortune.

Verse 566. Silver Snake) That silver Snake which in the Temple of *Isis* and *Osyris* twined it selfe about the images of the dogge and woolfe.

Verse 571. The poore she-*Iew*) Who durst not come a begging publikely, because she was an alien; but especially because she begged in the name of one God, and not of the Gods of *Rome*.

Verse 578. *Commagenian*) The *Commagenian*, or *Syrian*, and the *Armenian* Soothsayers divine of the future by making inspection into the entrailes of pidgeons, chickens and doggs, sometimes of children; which crime when they had committed, they played the informers, and left their good Dames to the penalty of the law.

Verse 582. *Chaldean*) The *Chaldeans* (as you may see in *Diodorus* and *Cicero*) were famous in *Syria* for their skill in Astrology.

Verse 583. *Iove*'s secret Springs) Scoptically spoken, as if the Astrologers were inspired by *Iupiter* to supply the defect of *Apollo*'s Oracle at *Delphos*, which was silenced at the birth of our Saviour *Christ*.

Verse 586. Th' oftest Exile's chiefe). That Astrologer is esteem'd in the superlative by the Ladyes that hath beene oftest banisht for predictions ominous to great persons, and repealed upon the accomplishment of his prophecies such a one as he that promised *Otho* that he should succeed *Galba* in the Empire.

Verse 587. *Otho*'s great Rivall) *Galba*.

Verse 589. A Prisoner) The Astrologers were kept prisoners in the Campe till such time as the victory was wonne, or the day lost, contrary or according to their vaticination.

Verse 593. *Seryphus*) To the *Cycladet*, Islands in the Ægean Sea, the *Romans* confined such persons as were banished

banished for hainous crimes, as aforesaid, the least and barreneſt of which Islands was *Seryphus*.

Verse 595. Thy *Tanaquil*) *Tanaquil* was Queene to *Tarquinius Priſcus*, ſhe was much addicted to the ſtudy of Astrology and the Mathematicks.

Verse 600. *Saturne's* frownes) *Saturne* is the ſullenest, moſt cold, and malignant Planet; *Venus* the ſweeteſt, moſt benigne, and fortunate, eſpecially in conjunction.

Verse 605. *Ephemerides*) A Scheme ſhewing the motions and Aſpects of the Planets every houre of the day.

Verse 609. *Thraſyllus*) A Platoniſt, and an excellent Mathematician in great eſteeme with *Tiberius Cæſar*.

Verse 615. *Petoſyrin*) A famous *Ægyptian* Aſtrologer, as *Pliny* and *Suidas* teſtifie.

Verse 623. *Phrygian* Augurs) *Cicero* 1. *de divinatione* tells us, that the *Phrygians*, *Cilicians*, and *Arabians* were very skilfull Augurs, or Diviners by the flights of birds.

Verse 623. Gymnoſophiſts) *Indian* Philoſophers.

Verse 624. Patricians) The Nobility of *Rome*.

Verse 625. Heavn's winged fire) The lightning, which was vvont by certaine old Prieſts appointed for that purpoſe; and where the thunder was ſuppoſed to fall, the place was purified by ſacrificing a paire of young Heifers, and being called *Bidental* (of the *Bidentes* or Heifers) was for a certaine time hedged about.

Verse 626. *Plebeian*) The Common ſort of *Roman* people.

Verse 626. *Circus*) The great ſhew-place formerly deſcribed.

Verse The Wall Tower) A woodden Tower of the forme of an Egge built by *Agrippa* for the Judges of the *Circenſian* Games to view the courſe; this Tower was ſupported with pillars cut in the figures of Dolphines, before which upon a Mount ſtood a Proſtitute dreſt up as the Poet deſcribes her, who told poore women their fortunes.

Verſe

Verse 642. Before thou break'st thy fast) The *Romans* held it ominous to see a Blackamoore next their hearts in a morning.

Verse 643. The foule Lake) The *Velabrian* Lake, where the fruitfull poor women used to expose their children, & the barren rich women to take them up, and impose them upon their husbands to father them as their owne issue.

Verse 645. *Salian* Priesthood) The Priesthood of *Mars*, a great dignity in the State, of which I have spoken in Sat. 2. wherein I likewise mentioned the great name and family of the *Scauri*.

Verse 652. *Thessalian* Philters) In *Thessaly* the strongest Philters or Love-potions were made, because the soile affords the most poisonous Simples.

Verse 657. *Nero's* Uncle) *Caesar Caligula*, upon whose affections his Wife *Caesonia* so wrought with her Philters, that in his dotage he would often (like the *Lydian* king *Candaules*) shew her naked to his friends, and often when he kissed her faire neck boasted, that he could command it to be taken off, adding, that he would send to the Diviners to know what it was that made him so infinitely in love with her, who fearing her Potion might be too weake, put in stronger druggs and made him starke mad.

Verse 658. A Colt's whole front) The *Hippomanes*, a *Caruncula* or bunch of flesh growing on the forehead of a Colt, which (some say) the mare eates in her very foaling time, as grudging man so great a benefit, which snatched from her and infused into a potion made the drinker enamoured of the Cup-bearer.

Verse 662. *Mushroom*) *Agrippina*, as you have read in Sat. 5. poysoned her Husband *Claudius* with a *Mushroom* that her sonne *Nero* might be Emperour.

Verse 666. Fire, steele, and whips) *Caesonia's* poyson that made *Caligula* kind and gentle to her, made him

him cruell and tyrannous to all the world besides.

Verse 628. *Pontia*) It may be supposed, that such horrid acts were mentioned in this Satyr, as if they were faigned by the lofty *Greeke* Poët *Sophocles* to heighten his Tragedies, therefore he cites the Precedent of *Pontia* wife to *Vectius Bolanus*, who attempting to poison her two sonnes, was taken in the manner; and confessing the fact adjudged to die for it.

Verse 682. *Medea*) Who murdered her children in the presence of their father *Jason*.

Verse 682. *Progne*) Who most tragically killed and cooked her sonne *Itys*, and feasted her husband *Tereus* with him, in revenge of his rape and cruelty practiced upon her sister *Philomela*.

Verse 692. *Alcestis*) Daughter to *Pelias*, and wife to *Admetus* king of *Thessaly*, who being despaired of by his Physicians, sent to the Oracle; whence he received this answer, That he should not recover of that sickness unlesse there could some one be found that would exchange lives with him; which being refused by all his Nobility and favourites, his Queene *Alcestis* accepted of, and dyed that her Lord might live.

Verse 696. *Belides*) The fifty daughters of *Danaus*, who were married to as many of their cosen-germans sonnes to their uncle *Ægyptus*, which they slew in one night, all but *Lynceus* whom his wife *Hypermestra* saved.

Verse 696. *Eriphyle*) Who was bribed to betray her husband *Amphiaraus*, that concealed himselfe, having bin told by the Oracle, that he should be slaine in the *Theban* warre.

Verse 699. *Clytemestra*) Wife to *Agamemnon*, who for the conclusion of her husbands welcome from that ten yeares warre that had detained him before the walls of *Troy*, clove his skull with a great Axe, incouraged thereto by her servant *Ægisthus*.

Verse

Verse 703. The thrice-foyld Monarch) *Mithridates* king of *Pontus* three times vanquished, by *Sylla*, *Lucullus*, and *Pompey*, who fearing to be poisoned, invented an admirable Antidote, the receipt whereof was found by *Cn. Pompeius* written with *Mithridates* his owne hand, the ingrediences (if we credit *Plin*) were two dried nutts, two figgs, twenty leaves of rue in powder, tempered together with a little salt, which he taking every morning fasting, became proofe against poison, even when his last overthrow made him attempt to poison himselfe.

FINIS.